

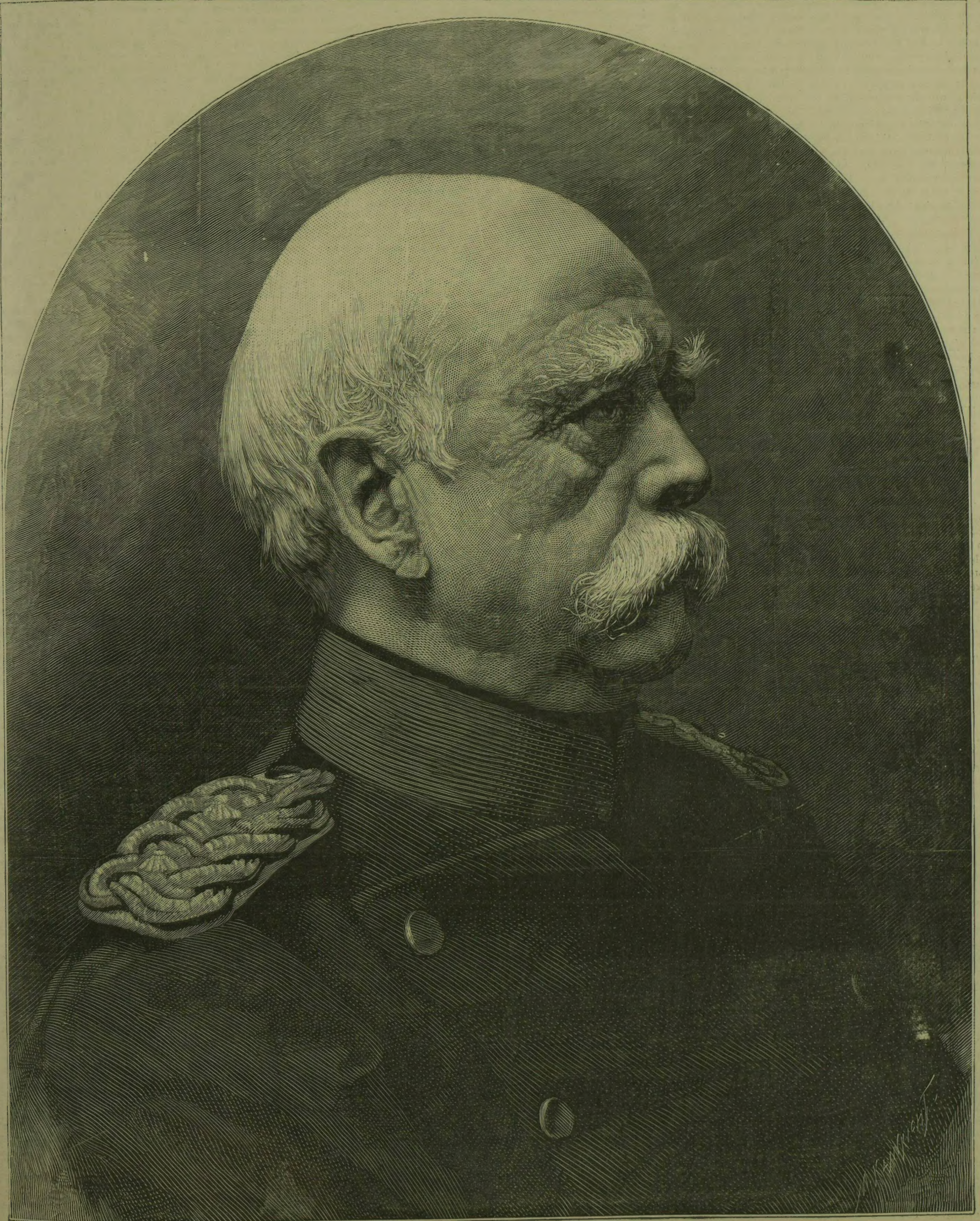
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PRINCE BISMARCK, LATE PRUSSIAN MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS, AND CHANCELLOR OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Chess is a game far above and beyond me: unless I am given some little advantage—such as the Queen—I succumb to almost any opponent. The solemnity of the players appals me. The time they take in “moving” gives me the jumps. It is not only that they “make a toil of a pleasure,” but that they infuse into it a species of glamour and mystery, like Freemasons “tiled.” It is possible there may be some sort of secret in chess, unknown to the mere amateur, and, if it is “how to win a game,” I shall never, on this side the grave, discover it. But the accounts of these proceedings are now getting quite awfully mysterious. There has been a chess match at Havana between two players—let us call them A and B, for one of them was a Russian—for the championship of the world, which should have been given to him who first won ten games. As it happened, each won nine games. The ordinary mind, which likes a close match, looked forward to the next game with a natural interest, but the committee stepped in and stopped the proceedings. “This excitement,” it said in effect, “is too much for humanity. Nerves are not made of iron. Since great A is so nearly equal to great B, let the decision as to which is the greater remain unrevealed.” Those who had “so liberally subscribed” the funds for this tremendous contest “felt it would be absurd indeed to stake its issue on a single game.” Little boys who toss for coppers in the street may prefer what is (vulgarly) called “sudden death” to “the best out of three,” but that, it seems, is not the way with chess committees. They prefer a match, if it turns out to be a good one, to be drawn rather than played out, and “drawn” this match has been. The cataclysm that would perhaps have rent the universe had A beaten B, or B beaten A, has, therefore, been happily averted; but it proves that this immortal game is different from all others on the face of the earth, and (what is not so generally understood) that a match at chess has no mate.

Hypnotic subjects are, it seems, persons of “great sensibility”: if they look fixedly at anything, or hear a violent noise, or experience any violent emotion, they fall into the hypnotic sleep. One gentleman did so because “he looked into a mirror” and found (one supposes) a smut on his nose. Another, when pleading in a law-court, and being eyed by the presiding Judge, at once became speechless. This is not uncommon with young barristers, but before Science made such gigantic strides it was called Funk. In Turin there are no less than sixteen professors of hypnotism, charged with cheating, and undergoing trial. But the question arises: Is it worth while to prosecute such transparent rogues for preying on such born fools? What protection can be extended to an individual who asserts he has two existences, one of which he passes in an unconscious condition, under the thumb of a cavalier of the order “Without blemish and without fear”? If he is not hypnotised, he is sure to be victimised by some less scientific scoundrel whose operations may not be so painless. The divine who defended the neglect of his flock of black sheep upon the ground that their souls were “not worth saving” has very properly met with general reprobation, but there is a certain depth of foolishness, into which, when a man falls of his own free will, one is tempted to say, “There let him lie.” The cause of hypnotism may be shrouded in mystery, but the general effect—which is the having one's pocket picked—is surely known to everybody.

“Family Gatherings,” which of old were wont to be *de rigueur* (especially at Christmas time), are dying out in England. Considering the greater convenience of locomotion, one would have expected the contrary, but one regrets to note that the members of large families get a good deal bored with one another when they stay for long under the same roof. It is all very well for grandpapa and grandmamma to celebrate their fiftieth wedding-day with effusion, but their descendants are not always bound to one another by the same golden chain. In Japan, it seems, if the *Hochi Shinbun* (which sounds more like a game than a newspaper) is to be relied upon, the domestic tie, however, is as strong, and certainly as long, as ever. A family in Sado is about to celebrate its *ikha sennen* (a thousand years in one household); among the fourteen of them they count, indeed, one thousand and eight years, from great-great-grandmamma Tommi (rather a masculine old lady, one imagines) to daughter Toki, aged five. To hear Toki address Tommi by her proper title in consanguinity must be a singular and prolonged experience. There was never, we are told, a more “united family,” and certainly the “linked sweetness” of relationship was never so “long drawn out.” No doubt the parish registers in Japan are admirably preserved, but one would like to verify Tommi's birthday.

The most touching story of under-one-roof relationship is perhaps that of the Arragons of Marseilles. They were two brothers, greatly attached to one another, who tilled the same farm, and when they married still formed a common household. The elder had ten children, and the younger had none. This circumstance, and probably some others, caused a little unpleasantness between the ladies, and she who was “unencumbered” insisted upon a division of the property. The husbands, who, of course, had to give in, repaired to the local magistrate, who suggested that one should divide the farm into two lots, and the other should have his choice of them. The elder brother made the division in presence of the two wives, his ten children, and the J.P. The scene, so tender and impressive, drew tears from the beholders. Then the younger brother made his choice. “I take this part, brother,” he said; “but it is not complete.” “Nay, it is equal enough,” sighed the other. “How can it be equal when it wants the part I prize the most? Do you think that I, who have no children, will make a division of your property without participating in your family? I choose five of these children—the youngest, because the eldest will be the most useful to you. I demand

this, and my wife seconds me.” At this, we are told, “the brothers, the wives, the nephews, and the nieces [and the J.P.] flew into one another's arms.” The generous speech established a universal felicity, and “brought down the house”—fortunately, only metaphorically speaking, since they wanted it to live in together as before.

The biggest gun in the world, like “the finest speech ever delivered in the House of Commons,” is a very variable commodity, whose record may be broken to-morrow. But the last “infant” of Mr. Krupp, born at Essen the other day, is certainly a very fine one. It weighs one hundred and thirty-five tons, is forty-four feet long, and fires two shots a minute at a cost of three hundred pounds apiece. At the trial, it propelled, with a charge of seven hundred pounds of powder, a projectile weighing two thousand six hundred pounds through nineteen inches of armour, after which effort it took the air for a mile or so by way of recreation. But, after all, amazing as are these performances, there is nothing so striking in them as the range of this pocket pistol, which is “about twelve miles.” It is always difficult to picture either number or distance, but conceive yourself sitting, say, in the churchyard of Harrow-on-the-Hill, meditating on the youth of Byron, and being hit by a projectile of two thousand six hundred pounds' weight, discharged from the Clock Tower of Westminster. The long bow was nothing compared with Krupp's wonder, though one is almost inclined to believe it has some connection with it.

For a long period political verses, except in very rare instances, have been shut out of the daily Press. There is now a reaction in this respect. For some time, of late, poems of a political kind have found their way into quite high-class papers, as was the case of old. They are either denunciatory or satirical; but, what is rather curious, the best, and indeed almost the only, specimens are written on the side of “authority.” This is the reverse of what used to happen, save in the case of the *anti-Jacobin*. Moore's admirable *jeu d'esprit* were always directed against “government.” In the old troubles with Ireland the poets were conspicuous upon the Irish side. In the war between the North and South in America, the “rebels” had almost the monopoly of vehement and vigorous song. Why the newspaper muse has changed sides it is difficult to say, but that she has done so there is no doubt. This is also, though in a less degree, the case in theological matters. The witty verse-makers of old were almost all against orthodoxy; but the keen shafts of ridicule in rhyme are now directed against evolution and the new-fangled discoveries of science. The fact is not, perhaps, of much consequence, for the ballads of a nation have not the importance that the ballad-maker imagines; but it is nevertheless noteworthy.

There are many persons who dislike what they call “a foreign story.” They are, of course, untravelled, “insular,” and a number of things they should not be, but still they form a large class. They like to read of things and people of whom they have some knowledge to start with; they cannot identify themselves with characters whose names are strange to them, and who live in what they term “outlandish places,” by which they mean places they have not visited. Their objections to such a story are similar to those they entertain against the mediæval novel. It may be all very graphic and natural, but they can be no judges of the matter, and must take the author's word for it. These excellent folk (with whom I entirely sympathise) will have an initial difficulty with the “Sin of Joost Avelingh,” which, nevertheless, it will be worth their while to surmount. A novel “from the Dutch by Maarten Maartens” will be far from an attractive title: my own impression is that it is not a translation at all, but, if it be, it is a very good one. The novel that “stands” translation—i.e. which retains its charm, or much of its charm, in a foreign garb—is always a good novel. The “motive” of this one, whether it be a translation or not, is original. It describes the stings of conscience in one who is by no means a saint; but it can honestly be recommended to readers whether with consciences or without. The one will applaud the hero and the other condemn him, but they will both be interested in his career. A good point in the book is that the key of its mystery is reserved to the very last—a rare merit in these days, when this reticence is only too often not observed, because there is no mystery to unlock.

The author of “Plain Tales from the Hills” is giving us more revelations of Anglo-Indian life. In his “Three Soldiers” he introduces to us what may be called the “privacy” of Army life. His “Three Musketeers” have a great deal of reality about them, which seems only fair, since they have very little romance. They do not much resemble Dumas' heroes, save in personal courage; but, if their deeds are inferior in dramatic interest, there is much more fun in them. When Tommy Atkins hails from Ireland and is exported to India, he becomes even more humorous than in his native land, though it must be confessed that, when in liquor, he is rather a savage. All the stories in the little volume are worth reading, but the grim humour of the “Big Drunk Draf” is indeed admirable. Never since the narration of the Retreat from Moscow have we been told so graphically what becomes of the soldier without discipline. Though there is no question of the originality of these sketches, there is one curious similarity in the character of their heroes with that of the “hard citizens” of Western America. Those who depict these gentry admit them to be bloody-minded and cruel, and as ready to shoot a man as look at him; but at the sight of a baby they are always moved to tears, and throw the affections of the best fathers of families into the shade. In America it may be so, but it is certain that the “rough” in England has no such soft spot in his heart, but beats his baby with as light a heart and heavy a stick as he uses to his wife. Tommy Atkins (from Tipperary) in India is not, of course, a “hard citizen,” but his character manifests somewhat similar contradictions. With all his faults, however, he is an interesting personality, and he has found a most able and sympathising biographer.

My attention has been called by a friendly correspondent to the fact that “a London daily” has accused me, “both as novelist and journalist, of not taking life seriously.” I am greatly obliged to him, but on referring the matter to an eminent counsel, with the view of obtaining exemplary damages, he writes to say that an action will not lie, even though the newspaper may have done so. “If,” he says, “it had stated you had ‘taken life’—and more especially ‘seriously’—you might have made a fortune out of it; but it merely observes that you have *not* taken life, which, it would be argued, so far from being libellous, is negative praise.” This is clearly a mere legal subterfuge, but it seems there is no getting over it.

THE COURT.

Owing to the extremely mild weather, the Queen's Drawing-room on March 14 was unusually well attended. The Queen was, as usual, dressed in black satin, with a train of gris de Naples silk. Her Majesty wore a coronet of very large pearls and diamonds. The Princess of Wales was in brown velvet, trimmed with gold gauze and embroidery. She wore a splendid tiara of diamonds. Princess Beatrice was in yellow satin, and the two Princesses of Wales in pale-pink silk. The usually mournful dress of the Duchess of Albany was relieved by a skirt of white satin, richly embroidered. Over a hundred presentations were made to her Majesty. After the Drawingroom the Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Albany, drove in a four-horse open carriage through the Horse Guards and Whitehall-place to the Thames Embankment, and thence round the Park to Buckingham Palace. Her Majesty received with profound grief the news of the untimely death of Sir Howard Elphinstone. The Queen's dinner party consisted of the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince George of Wales, and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duchess of Albany; the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, Lady-in-Waiting; the Earl of Mount-Edgumbe, Lord Steward; the Earl of Lathom, Lord Chamberlain; and General Viscount Bridport, Lord in Waiting. On the 15th the Queen honoured the Dowager Marchioness of Ely with a visit. Her Majesty afterwards drove to Portman-square and visited Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife. In the afternoon the Queen and Princess Beatrice returned to Windsor, arriving at the castle shortly before six o'clock. On Sunday morning, the 16th, the Queen and Royal family and members of the household attended service in the private chapel, and the Bishop of Peterborough preached. This being the anniversary of the death of her Majesty's mother, the Duchess of Kent, the Queen and Princess Beatrice went to the mausoleum at Frogmore. The Hon. Lady Biddulph, the Bishop of Peterborough, and the Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. On the 17th the Duke and Duchess of Fife arrived at Windsor Castle on a visit to the Queen, and dined with her Majesty. Viscountess Melgund, Colonel Sir George Maude, and Mr. Horace Farquhar also arrived, and had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. The Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting joined the Royal circle in the drawing-room in the evening. The Queen's private band played a selection of music, under the direction of Mr. W. G. Cusins. A concert, at which her Majesty was present, was given on the 20th, by the Windsor and Eton Orchestral Society, in the Green Drawing-room at Windsor Castle, after the Royal dinner party. Princess Beatrice assisted at the entertainment. Princess Christian is president of the society. The Queen will leave Windsor Castle on the 24th for Aix-les-Bains. Her Majesty will be accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the journey will occupy nearly three days. The preparations for the reception of the Royal visitors at the Maison Mottet have been completed.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales visited the galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, Piccadilly, on March 12. The Prince was re-elected Commodore of the Royal Thames Yacht Club at the annual general meeting, held on the 13th in the Club House, Albemarle-street. His Royal Highness attended the sitting of the House of Lords: the Duke of Edinburgh, who was also present, took the oath and subscribed the roll. On the 14th his Royal Highness visited the studio of Mr. Percy Wood to inspect the marble group of the Queen and the Prince Consort, to be erected at Lancaster in commemoration of her Majesty's Jubilee. The Prince visited the National Training School of Cookery in Buckingham Palace-road on the 15th, and lunched there with the Marquis of Northampton, the vice-president, and the members of the executive committee. In the afternoon the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince George and Princess Victoria, went to the British Museum to inspect the recent introduction of electric lighting in the building. The Princess, accompanied by Prince George and Princess Victoria, and attended by Miss Knollys, visited the Royal Hospital for Children and Women in the Waterloo Bridge-road, and inspected the wards. In the evening the Prince dined with the Duke of Edinburgh at Clarence House, and afterwards went to an evening party given by the Duke and the Committee of the Sports and Arts Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery. The Princess, accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales and Prince George of Wales, visited the Savoy Theatre. On Sunday morning, the 16th, the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince George and Princess Maud, were present at Divine service. By command of the Queen a levée was held on the 17th, at St. James's Palace, by the Prince, on behalf of her Majesty. The Prince, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Teck, and the other members of the Royal family entered the Throne Room shortly after two o'clock. This being Collar Day (St. Patrick's), the Knights of the several Orders appeared in their collars. There were about 230 presentations. The Prince received General Mirza Mohammed Ali Khan at Marlborough House, on his appointment as Persian Minister at the Court of St. James's. The Prince and Princess and Princesses Victoria and Maud were present at the performance of “A Pair of Spectacles” at the Garrick Theatre. On the 18th the Prince, accompanied by the Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud, laid the memorial-stones of the new Townhall and Free Library for St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, in Charing-cross-road. The Prince visited the Duke of Cambridge at Gloucester House. Prince George arrived at Marlborough House, having finished his course of gunnery on board her Majesty's ship Excellent. The Princess, accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Maud and Prince George, visited the Prince of Wales's Theatre. The Prince and Prince George of Wales have left town on their visit to the German Emperor at Berlin.

At the Kensington Townhall, on March 18, Princess Beatrice, who was accompanied by Prince Henry of Battenberg, opened a sale of work in aid of the institutions and charities in London connected with the unendowed French Reformed Evangelical Church in Bayswater.

The Duke of Cambridge arrived at Gloucester House on March 17 from the Continent.

Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, who are in Rome, were received on March 17 in a private audience by the Pope. They were presented by General Sir J. Lintorn Simmons. The Princess was received with Royal honours, and the audience lasted half an hour. The 18th being the forty-second anniversary of the birth of Princess Louise, the bells of St. George's Chapel and Windsor parish church were pealed, and a salute was fired in the Long Walk.

Prince Albert Victor has had a magnificent reception at Baroda, which, on March 15, after a banquet in his honour, was illuminated. The Prince took part in the cheetah-hunt during the day.

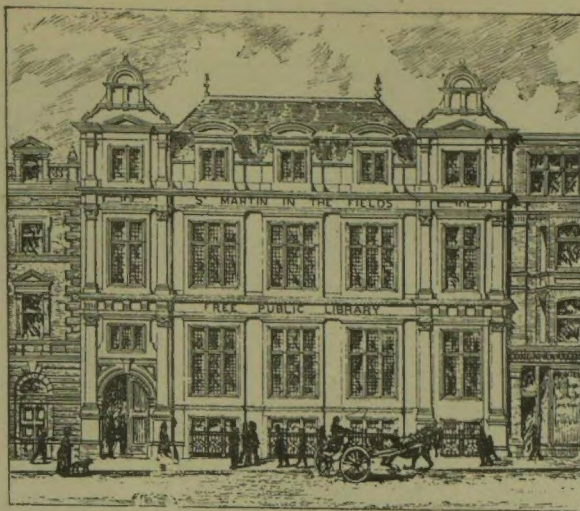
The Duke and Duchess of Connaught sailed on March 13 from Bombay for China, the inhabitants giving them an enthusiastic farewell. The children of their Royal Highnesses proceeded to England next day, in charge of Lieutenant-Colonel Becher.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Supposing an intimate friend of mine had been sunning himself at Monte Carlo, shivering at Milan, getting "slack-baked" at Verona, and inheriting an attack of feverish ague at Venice for the last few weeks of early springtime, and, returning to London delighted to feel a warm sun and a coal fire into the bargain had asked me what is the best play that has been produced at home during his absence, I should without hesitation answer, "A Pair of Spectacles" at the Garrick Theatre." I have seen nothing fresher or more original for a very long time. Only yesterday I asked a friend who is very learned in all that concerns the French drama what was the origin of this most wholesome and entirely amusing play. "Oh! don't you know?" said he. "It is 'Les Petits Oiseaux' of Labiche." "But it has been very much altered," I observed, rushing off into a torrent of praise concerning Mr. Sydney Grundy's delicate workmanship and, as it appeared to me, inimitable dialogue. "Not a bit of it," persisted my friend. "It is a literal translation." "What!" I said, in tones of horror. "A literal translation of a French play—this delicate reproduction of English life; these natural, homely, domestic scenes; this Benjamin Goldfinch, a kind of Cheeryble Brother who turns misanthrope against his own conviction; this hard, practical Sheffield man of commerce, with his 'I know that man—he comes from Sheffield'—all these exhilarating little moments of the play that take it so much out of the conventional 'rut,' and make it so stimulating and refreshing to a jaded English audience!" My friend, who is a stern, matter-of-fact person, nodded his head. "I assure you it is a fact—a literal translation of Labiche. I will lend you the book." Well, all I can say is that, until I have read Labiche's play and convinced myself that my informant is correct, I shall continue to believe that Mr. Grundy's "Pair of Spectacles" is one of the best English comedies that I have seen for many a long year. I call it a true comedy of manners, a play of genuine feeling, a work that has human nature for its lodestar and pivot, and, as such, infinitely preferable to the farcical comedies that are so clever in form but are often so lacking in substance.

Why, I was about to point out to my friend Mr. William Archer—who is such a tyrant that he will not allow any humble individual to have any opinion on any work of art, that is diametrically opposed to his own, without placing him in a pillory in the columns of the *World* newspaper—that, heretic as I was, I infinitely preferred the new school of Grundeian philosophy, even if filtered through Labiche, to the new school of Archerian philosophy, filtered through Ibsen. In the matter of originality, and as a pretty protest against conventionalism, I consider "A Pair of Spectacles" worth all the "Dolls Houses" and the "Pillars of Society" that were ever erected by the Scandinavian dramatist. I should have done all this, I own, in fear and with a considerable amount of trembling, for I notice that during my absence from London Mr. William Archer has taken the trouble to "gibbet" me, and a courteous management has endorsed his attack with voluminous and, I am happy to say, costly advertisement, for daring to think that "New Lamps for Old" is a very poor and indifferent specimen of modern farce. I don't know why I am not as much entitled to an opinion on matters dramatic as Mr. William Archer. I state my opinion, and give my reasons for it. When Mr. Archer differs from my inexperienced conclusions, I simply smile and pass on. I hope, for Mr. Jerome's sake, that Mr. Archer may prove right, and I wrong. If the public enjoys "New Lamps for Old," by all means let them enjoy it. My withers are unwrung. I sincerely trust that the optimistic acting manager may be right who believes that the farce at Terry's will run not for one hundred but for countless hundreds of nights, and that it will be necessary to build a new theatre, in which Mr. Edward Terry may appear and delight his friends before he is grey-haired and doddering. I only hope that "New Lamps for Old" will run longer than "Our Boys" and "The Private Secretary" put together. But, for all that, I shall not alter my opinion, or cease to believe that "New Lamps for Old" is an indifferent specimen of this class of play. Not all the sarcasm of William Archer, or tens of thousands of columns of his advertised opinions, will shake me from the position I have already taken up. The patrons of the Playgoers' Club think that they can shake an independent opinion by vulgar clamour and bullying. They can do nothing of the kind. They may hiss me and hoot me at every playhouse to which they resort, but they will fail to coerce me, because on some points I am as obstinate as a mule. If I don't like a play I shall say so, whether it is inspired by tens of thousands of Playgoers' Clubs or whether my opinion is palatable or not to the patrons of every Playgoers' Club ever invented. I did not take my seat in the theatre yesterday, and, in the course of my career, I have weathered opposition more violent than could ever have been conceived by so courteous an opponent as Mr. William Archer; and I don't think I shall "go under" by means of the catcalls or the cowardly bludgeons of the Playgoers' Club—for these enthusiastic young gentlemen propose occasionally to resent argument with force!

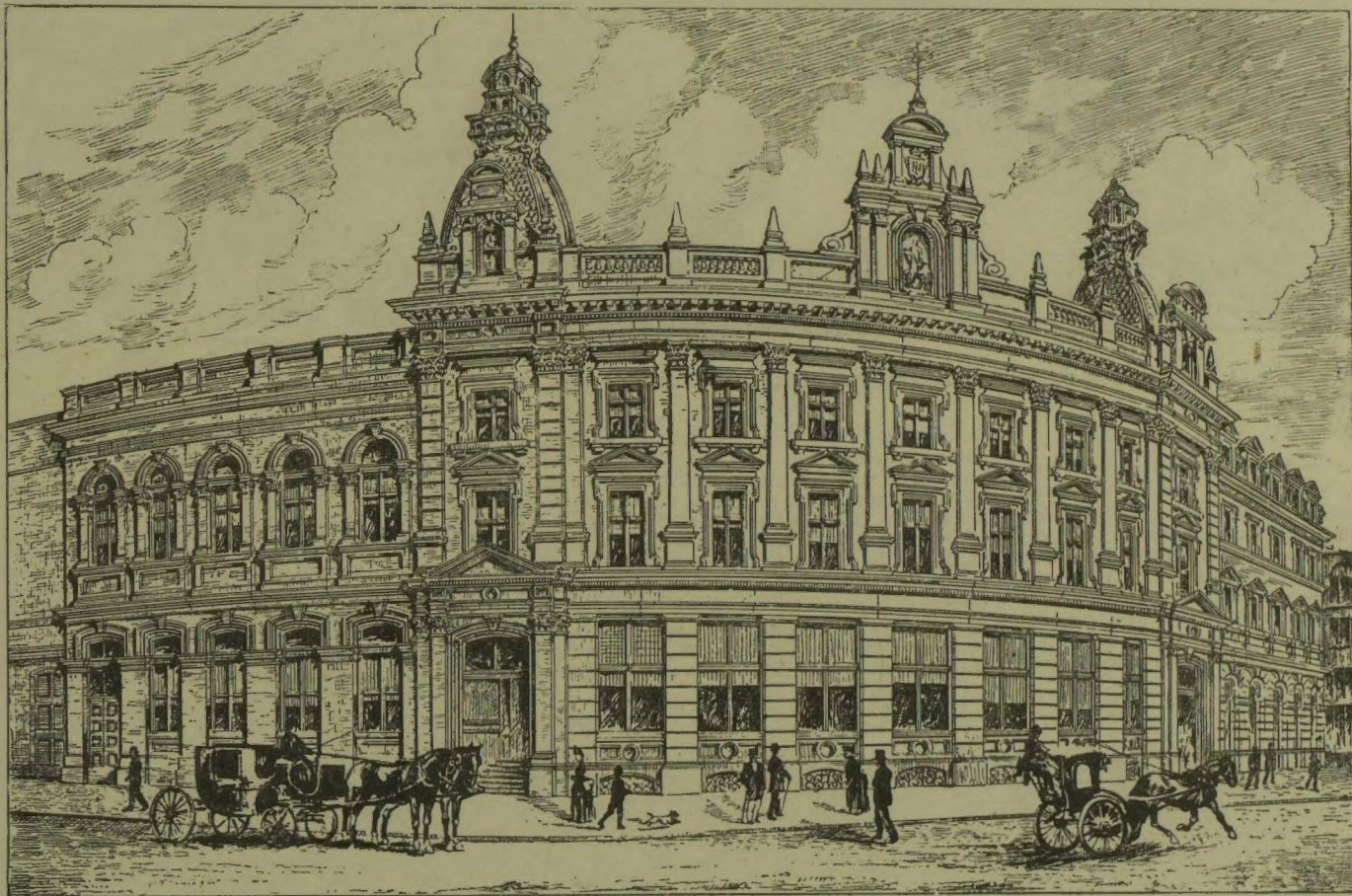
Meanwhile, let all who would see a delightful play, well acted from start to finish, hasten to see "A Pair of Spectacles." In this play Mr. Hare has surpassed himself, and stands out as the first of living comedians—an actor who has two strings in his hand—one of laughter, one of sorrow. He can pull either string at will. It is the strangest thing to watch the audience during the play. At one moment the house is in a roar of laughter: the next there is a blowing of pocket-handkerchiefs. The dialogue, like the acting of this little play, is first class. Mr.



ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS FREE LIBRARY.

Grundy has surpassed himself in the taste and delicacy of his workmanship. That is my conscientious opinion; but I shall be quite prepared to hear in years to come that, as in the case of Mr. Grundy's friend Mrs. Kendal, I have never uttered one word of praise in favour of this excellent dramatist, who has the well-known theatrical habit of remembering all the unpleasant things in life and forgetting its brighter and more genial moments.

Mr. Robert Buchanan's new version of Sir John Vanbrugh's "Relapse," called "The Tomboy," at the Vaudeville, will be presented at a Thursday matinee, too late for review this week. But, of course, he has been anticipated by others, even in our lifetime. The elder Farren produced a version of this naughty old play when he was manager of the Strand in the year 1850; but the very last version was that of Mr. John Hollingshead at the Gaiety, in May 1870—twenty years ago, and it only seems yesterday!—called "The Man of Quality," in which Alfred Wigan appeared as Lord Foppington, Nellie Farren as Miss Hoyden, and poor John



ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS TOWNHALL.

Maclean—just dead—as Sir Tunbelly Clumsy. Mr. Lin Rayne and Mrs. Henry Leigh were also in the cast of this last abridged version. Vanbrugh's "Relapse" was written as a sequel to Cibber's "Fool in Fashion." It was first performed at Drury-Lane in 1697. Sheridan made an adaptation of it in 1777, and called it "The Trip to Scarborough." In Mr. Hollingshead's Gaiety version he only availed himself of one of the two distinct plots used by Vanbrugh, but preserved faithfully everything that belonged to the character of Lord Foppington. Nellie Farren's Miss Hoyden was an admirable performance, but I own I thought very little at the time of Alfred Wigan's Lord Foppington.

C. S.

At the desire of her Majesty, a service was held in Exeter Cathedral, on March 20, in memory of the late General Sir Howard Elphinstone. Fifty men from each regiment of the district attended, together with all the available officers in the garrison. Fifty seamen from Devonport were also present.

St. Patrick's Day was observed on March 17 in the customary manner. At the Cannon-street Hotel there was one of the largest gatherings ever assembled at the Irish National banquet. Mr. T. P. O'Connor presided. The Benevolent Society of St. Patrick held their anniversary festival at the First Avenue Hotel, Holborn, under the presidency of the Earl of Arran, the secretary announcing donations to the amount of £550, including 100 gs. from the Queen. The day was celebrated in Birmingham by a large meeting in the Townhall, at which the speakers were Mr. Labouchere, M.P., the Hon. Philip Stanhope, M.P., and Mr. W. Redmond, M.P. The trooping of the colour at Dublin Castle, a ceremony that has fallen into abeyance for some years past, was revived, and was witnessed by the Lord Lieutenant and the Countess of Zetland and a large gathering of spectators. Two bands were in attendance, and played the National Anthem and "St. Patrick's Day." The colour was also trooped at the Royal Barracks, in the presence of Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar and staff. The Lord Lieutenant and Lady Zetland gave a full-dress ball at Dublin Castle.

THE BERLIN CONFERENCE ON LABOUR.

The International Conference of delegates from the different European States, convened by an invitation from the Emperor of Germany to deliberate on the subjects of dispute between employers and employed in the manufacturing, mining, and other great industries, was formally opened at Berlin on Saturday, March 15, in the hall of Prince Bismarck's palace, where the Congress for the settlement of the Eastern Question was held, in 1878, after the war between Russia and Turkey. The business discussions of the Conference began on Tuesday, March 18, under the presidency of Baron Berlepsch, the Prussian Minister of Commerce. The Governments which have appointed delegates are those of Germany, England, France, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Spain, Belgium, Switzerland, Holland and Luxembourg, Denmark, Norway and Sweden, and Portugal.

Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland is represented by four delegates—namely, the Right Hon. Sir John Eldon Gorst, Q.C., M.P., Under-Secretary of State for India; Mr. Charles Stewart Scott, her Majesty's Minister at Berne; Sir William Henry Houldsworth, Bart., M.P.; and Mr. David Dale, of the firm of Sir Joseph Pease and Co. The following gentlemen attend as expert delegates: Mr. Frederick H. Whympere, one of her Majesty's Superintending Inspectors of Factories; Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P.; Mr. John Burnett, Labour Correspondent of the Board of Trade; and Mr. Birtwistle, Secretary of the United Weavers' Association. The nature of their instructions is in conformity with the terms of the reply of her Majesty's Government to the German Government.

We present the Portraits of four of these gentlemen—those of Sir John Gorst and Sir William Houldsworth from photographs by Messrs. Russell and Sons, 17, Baker-street; that of Mr. David Dale, from one by Messrs. Maull and Fox, Piccadilly; and that of Mr. John Burnett, from one by Messrs. R. Allen and Sons, Nottingham.

ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS.

The Prince of Wales, on Tuesday, March 18, performed the ceremony of laying the memorial-stone of important parochial buildings to be erected by the Vestry of the Parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar-square; consisting of a new Vestry-hall, to be styled "Townhall," and a Free Library. We present illustrations of the external designs of these buildings, the architect of which is Mr. Robert Walker, of 33, King-street, Covent-garden: the builders are Messrs. Mowlem and Burt, for the Townhall, and Messrs. Peto, for the Free Library.

The Townhall buildings will occupy a prominent position at the southern extremity of Charing-cross-road, immediately facing Trafalgar-square, the site having been purchased partly from the Metropolitan Board of Works, and the remainder from the Marquis of Salisbury's estate. The contract price for the structure is £23,500, and the plans provide the most ample accommodation, not only for parochial but also for public purposes. The Free Library will be built upon that portion of the site which faces St. Martin's-lane, and will cost £7000. The half-basement of the building is to be used as a news room, the ground floor as a lending library and magazine room, and the first floor as a reference library. The latter already contains over 6000 volumes, not a few of them bearing upon the rich historical associations of the parish; while the lending library starts with the modest complement of 10,000 books. Happily, though St. Martin's has a resident population of but 17,500 souls, the rateable value is so great that the penny rate allowed by the Free Libraries Act brings in quite £2000 a year—a sum which is adequate to the proper maintenance of the institution. The Townhall and Free Library will be admirable examples of the style known as Classic Renaissance, and the elevations will be built entirely in Portland stone.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, and Princesses Victoria and Maud, arrived at half past three. Their Royal Highnesses were met by the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, M.P., the Bishop of London, the Rev. J. F. Kitto (Rector of the parish), Mr. W. Challice, and Lord Kinnaird, the churchwardens, and several of the leading parishioners. Among those present were Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Mrs. W. H. Smith, Lady Brownlow, Lady Wantage, Lady George Hamilton, Lady Frederick Cavendish, the Rev. Henry White (Chaplain to the Speaker) and General Sims.

After presentation of bouquets by Miss Shireen Kitto and Miss Dorothy Kitto, daughters of the Vicar, and by Miss Challice, daughter of one of the churchwardens, there was a brief religious service, conducted by the Bishop of London, the Vicar following with an address to the Prince of Wales, which referred to the interesting historical associations of the parish.

With the assistance of the architect and contractors, his Royal Highness laid the foundation-stone of the Townhall, using an onyx-handled silver-gilt trowel. A few words of thanks were spoken by Mr. W. H. Smith, to which the Prince replied. The Royal party were then conducted to the site of the Free Library, with the building of which some progress has already been made by Messrs. Peto. Here the Vicar read an address on behalf of the Library Commissioners. The Library was opened a year ago in temporary premises in Long-acre, and has been visited by a quarter of a million readers. The Prince of Wales placed in position a mural tablet bearing a suitable inscription. Lord Kinnaird, in a few brief sentences, thanked his Royal Highness for attending the ceremony, which was one of much local interest.



THE PRINCE OF WALES LAYING THE MEMORIAL-STONE OF THE ST. MARTIN'S PAROCHIAL BUILDINGS.

THE UNIVERSITIES' BOAT-RACE.

The annual contest between the picked University Boat Club champions of Oxford and Cambridge, on the Thames from Putney to Mortlake, being appointed this year for Wednesday afternoon, March 26, their rowing practice, day after day, over the same piece of water, occasioned much observation. The rival crews, on Saturday morning, March 15, rowed up on the same tide, the Oxford crew first, and the Cambridge crew three quarters of an hour later, when the ebb-tide was running stronger against them, so that they took a few seconds longer than the Oxford crew to row the whole course.

Our Illustration, however, is that of the last practice of the Cambridge men on their own river, the Cam, before they came to London. We present also, in accordance with our yearly custom, the portraits of all the gentlemen of both the University crews—namely, the Oxford crew: Messrs. W. F. C. Holland, of Brasenose College (bow oar), whose weight is 11 st. 4 lb.; P. D. Tuckett (Trinity College), weight 11 st.; H. E. L. Puxley (Corpus Christi College), 11 st.; C. H. St. John Hornby (New College), 12 st.; Lord Ampthill (New College), 13 st. 3 lb.; Messrs. G. Nickalls (Magdalen College), 12 st. 11 lb.; R. P. P. Rowe (Magdalen), 11 st. 8 lb.; W. A. L. Fletcher (Christ Church College), stroke oar, 12 st. 13 lb.; and J. P. Heywood Lonsdale

(New College), coxswain, 8 st. 9 lb. And the Cambridge crew, who are: Messrs. G. Elin (third Trinity College crew), 10 st. 11 lb., bow oar; J. M. Sladen (Trinity Hall), 11 st. 13½ lb.; E. T. Fison (Corpus), 12 st. 7 lb.; J. F. Rowlatt (Trinity Hall), 12 st. 1½ lb.; A. S. Duffield (Trinity Hall), 13 st. ½ lb.; S. D. Muttelbury (Third Trinity), 13 st. 11½ lb.; G. Francklyn (Third Trinity), 12 st.; J. C. Gardner (Emmanuel), 12 st. ½ lb., stroke oar; and H. W. Laidlay (Trinity Hall), 8 st. 6 lb., coxswain. Our Portraits of the Oxford crew are from photographs by Messrs. Russell and Sons, of 17, Baker-street, London; and those of the Cambridge crew by Messrs. Stearn, photographic artists, 72, Bridge-street, Cambridge.



THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITIES' BOAT-RACE.—CAMBRIDGE CREW AT PRACTICE: LAST ROW ON THE CAM.

E. T. Fison.

A. S. Duffield.

J. M. Sladen.



G. Francklyn.

S. D. Muttiebury.

J. C. Gardner (stroke).

J. F. Rowlatt.

H. W. Laidlay (cox.)

G. Elin (bow).

THE CAMBRIDGE CREW.

P. D. Tuckett.

W. A. L. Fletcher (stroke).

C. H. St. John Hornby.

W. F. C. Holland (bow).

J. P. H. Lonsdale (cox.)



Lord Amptill.

G. Nickalls

R. P. P. Rowe.

H. E. L. Puxley.

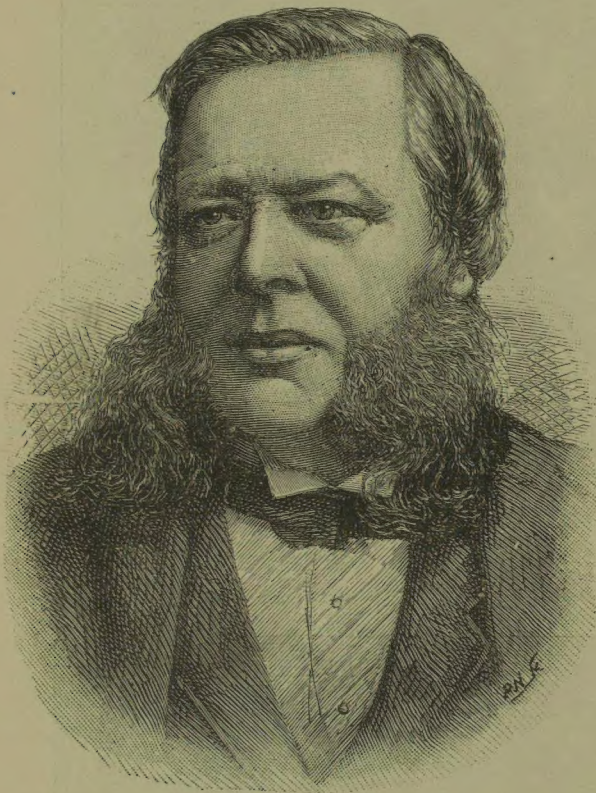
THE OXFORD CREW.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITIES' BOAT-RACE.

RESIGNATION OF PRINCE BISMARCK.

The final retirement of the ablest and most powerful statesman in Europe from public life is an event of such great apparent importance as to warrant our reproduction of a most characteristic portrait of this eminent man, which appeared in the *Illustrated London News* on Oct. 15, 1887. Much has been said, on several occasions, of his remarkable political career, his amazing exploits in the service of the Prussian Crown and in the creation of the German Empire, his direction of the issues of war and the negotiations of peace, by which first Austria, subsequently France, were disabled and removed from their hostility to the fabric of German national consolidation and to the aggrandisement of the Royal House of Hohenzollern. It was then the task of Bismarck, working in accordance with the resolute will of that illustrious Monarch William I., King of Prussia and first German Emperor, to erect this fabric, which seems likely to stand for generations, though some of its features may hereafter be modified by the progress of Constitutional Liberalism in German domestic politics. We have neither space nor leisure, at the present moment, to refer to the historical transactions, military and diplomatic, from 1863 to 1871, by which that result was achieved; or to the subsequent labours of the Chancellor of the German Empire, in establishing a close alliance with Austria and Italy, and in procuring a temporary settlement of the Eastern Question; still less can we here notice his less successful administration in the Kingdom of Prussia or the internal conflict of parties, or his relations to the different views of the late Emperor Frederick, and of the Emperor William II. These matters are within the remembrance of all readers of current history and political discussion.

The individual personality of Otto Edward Leopold Von Bismarck is equally familiar to his contemporaries, in every country; and this being, happily, not an obituary notice—for, at the age of nearly seventy-five, he may, we hope, enjoy some years of repose—it is not yet needful to rewrite a biographical memoir: we only wish him well for the rest of his life. On Tuesday, March 18, it was made positively known at Berlin that he had definitively resigned his three great offices, those of President of the Prussian Ministry, Prussian Minister of Foreign Affairs, and



THE LATE DR. WYLDE, MUSICAL COMPOSER.

Chancellor of the German Empire; an event which had for some days been expected. The disappearance of so great a figure leaves a blank in the grouping of European political notables that cannot easily be filled.

Mr. G. W. Heywood, of Manchester, has been appointed to the County Court Judgeship at Salford, vacant in consequence of Judge Russell's resignation.

The Commander-in-Chief has selected Colonel Ewan Macpherson, now commanding the Royal Scots Regimental District, for the command of the Highland Volunteer defence brigade, consisting of the Inverness, Ross, Sutherland, Elgin, Deeside, Banff, and Peterhead (Aberdeen) battalions, and numbering over six thousand men.

The French Ministry having resigned owing to an adverse vote in the Senate on the Franco-Turkish Commercial Treaty, a new Cabinet has been formed, with M. De Freycinet as Premier and Minister of War. The new Ministry presented themselves to the Chamber of Deputies on March 19, when their statement of policy was read from the tribune.

The Emperor of Austria returned to Vienna on March 17, after a stay of some weeks at Buda. The Empress, accompanied by the Archduchess Valerie, has arrived at Wiesbaden to take the waters. On the 18th the Emperor was present at the opening of the Art Exhibition in the Künstlerhaus, which comprises pictures by all the first artists. Count Szapary, in compliance with the request of the Emperor Francis Joseph, has formed a new Ministry for Hungary. In a communication to the late Premier, M. Tisza, his Majesty thanks him for his faithful services to the State. The new Ministers presented themselves to Parliament on the 17th. Count Szapary, in the Lower House, explained the political programme of the Cabinet. Count Apponyi stated that the Opposition would, as far as possible, support the new Ministry.

The New York Irishmen celebrated St. Patrick's Day with an extensive procession, embracing the Irish societies, and a military review by Mayor Grant. There was also a picnic, at which speeches were made. Several cities had commemorative Irish meetings.—Congress having passed a Bill opening the Cherokee strip of Indian territory to settlement, a rush of "boomers" to occupy the land began on the 14th from all sides. The President has issued a warning proclamation that the territory is not yet officially opened; and the Government have sent cavalry to the Cherokee strip of territory to eject "boomers."—The death is announced of Miss Lucy E. Sewall, M.D., of Boston, who was one of the first women to take a medical degree in America.—The floods on the Mississippi have assumed an alarming aspect, large breaches having been made in the levee, so that all the low lands are in danger.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

Grace to the mollifying influence of St. Patrick's Day, mayhap, there has been a lull in the somewhat too animated discussions on the Irish Question. Conferences are coming into vogue. On the Seventeenth of March, a dry legal debate in Committee on Lord Herschell's Trust Companies Bill sent Lord Salisbury nodding, and a dread fear might have been entertained by the timid that an incipient attack of "La Nona" was about to be illustrated on the Ministerial bench of the House of Lords, when Lord Cross roused his noble colleague, and induced the Prime Minister to roll into the Lobby behind the throne to hold a colloquy with brisk and dapper Mr. W. H. Smith. It was surmised that this impromptu council had something to do with the forthcoming conference of the Conservative Party at the Carlton Club, or with the Ministerial motion in the Upper House on the Twenty-first of March, to thank the learned Judges of the "Special Commission" for their luminous report. Curiously enough, it chanced that almost at the same moment Earl Granville, Lord Kimberley, and the Marquis of Ripon filed out in the opposite direction to confer



LATE MAJOR-GEN. SIR HOWARD ELPHINSTONE, V.C., K.C.B.

with Mr. Gladstone, who is reported to have agreed that a Liberal Leader in the Lords should meet the Ministerial resolution on the Parnell Report with an amendment similar in spirit to that which the right hon. gentleman unsuccessfully moved in the Commons.

The Marquis of Salisbury followed up his Lobby conference with a cosy chat on the woolsack with the Lord Chancellor, and then returned to his place in the nick of time to answer a question put with exemplary clearness by the young Earl of Dundonald respecting the lamentable famine in the vicinity of Souakin. In his considerate reply, Lord Salisbury expressed the sympathy of her Majesty's Government with the suffering natives in the Soudan, but seemed to leave it to the "private munificence and good feeling of Englishmen" to alleviate the misery.

The Prime Minister is to be congratulated on the latest accession to the Ministerial ranks. I had the pleasure at the opening of the Session to mention the remarkable clearness of Lord De Ramsey's delivery in moving the Address. His Lordship has now joined the Ministry, and on the Monday evening in question he afforded general satisfaction by the distinctness of his utterance in the neat little speech in which he assured Lord Dunraven (Lord Kenry in Parliamentary parlance) that the Government are keenly alive to the necessity of reviewing the conditions of labour in South Wales coal mines. Nothing could have been better than Lord De Ramsey's manner.

The Marquis of Hartington's absence is an absence that is manifestly felt by the Government in the House of Commons. When the noble Marquis (who has happily recovered his health in Egypt, and is about to return to England) was in his place as Leader of the Liberal Unionists, he was completely "in touch" with the Ministry he supported so staunchly, and by timely conferences presumably brought about that agreement which is requisite to maintain the Unionist majority. But the views of Mr. Chamberlain, one of the Deputy Liberal Unionist Leaders, do not appear to have been similarly consulted by the First Lord of the Treasury. At any rate, on two occasions when Mr. Chamberlain's counsels have been disregarded, the Government have been placed in a minority. On the Thirteenth of March, unaccountably resisting Sir Edward Hamley's reasonable motion that the Volunteers ought to be fully equipped "after a certain fixed date," Mr. Stanhope placed the Ministry in a minority, there being a majority of 33 against the Secretary for War. On the Eighteenth, Mr. Chamberlain similarly supported Mr. Buchanan's motion in favour of preserving "right of way" in Scotland; the Lord Advocate resisted; and there was a majority of 13 against the Government; loud Opposition cheers celebrating the triumph.

A statesman who is undoubtedly missed in Parliament, Sir Charles Dilke, pungently remarked the other day that it was a most singular thing that the Army Estimates should have been passed without a discussion of the pregnant report of the Army Commission over which Lord Hartington presided. The London Press, by the way, has been curiously silent with regard to the remarkably able and comprehensive political programme Sir Charles Dilke recently unfolded in the Glasgow City Hall. A manifesto of the greatest intrinsic value, this memorable address is well worth reading in the *North British Daily Mail* of the Twelfth of March.

Apocryphal of the freedom with which Millions are voted away so quickly in Committee of Supply, perhaps the legislative zeal of hon. members generally would be quickened could a representative body of constituents be brought to view, from the Strangers' Gallery, the beggarly array of empty benches to be seen when the Army or Navy Estimates are being considered. Faithful among the faithless found, stalwart Mr. Robert William Hanbury on the Seventeenth of March once again sturdily stood forth as a Conservative champion of economy and efficiency in the administration of the Navy, and boldly brought Lord George Hamilton to book on this score. Lord

Charles Beresford (afloat once more) was sorely missed on this occasion by all—save the First Lord of the Admiralty, who was pleased to secure his votes so readily.

Mr. Ritchie has seasonably curbed the ambition of the London County Council by firmly insisting on the omission of certain clauses of their Barking Creek Bill, and by referring to a "Hybrid Committee" the questionable measure designated the "Strand Improvement Bill."

The genial Conservative Whip, Mr. Akers Douglas, has precipitated another bye-election by moving a new writ for the Eastern Division of County Down, in the room of Captain Ker, resigned. It may be of interest to add that Captain Ker obtained a majority of 2532 against Mr. H. M'Grath, the Home Rule candidate.

AMERICA REVISITED
BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

NEW YORK'S FAREWELL TO WINTER.

There are two different versions of the saying of an American visitor to England: it was either that we have "no seasons, but plenty of weathers," meaning that our spring, summer, autumn, and winter times are so uncertain, and so capriciously interrupted and intermixed by unseasonable variations of temperature and atmosphere, that their regular character is lost; or else, that we have "no weather" of stability and constancy to be relied on, but "a great many different seasons" in the course of a year, winter coming again and again, sometimes in the months reckoned as summer, and the mildness of spring felt a week or two before Christmas.

We must admit the truth of this remark, whichever way it may be turned, as well as that of another version, that England has a little fine weather, an indefinite succession of moods or seasons, but no real climate, from the excessive aqueous element and envelope, so often chilling the air, checking the sun's rays, and obscuring the sky. Now, they manage these affairs much more consistently in America: they know what winter is, in New York, much better than we do in London. Hard frost, thick ice, deep snow, may be considered



THE LATE BARON DOWSE, IRISH JUDGE.

for several weeks, not occasional days, the certain condition of those States whose seaboard is washed by the cold Arctic current, where the flow of the warm Gulf Stream, turned aside by Cape Hatteras, passes a hundred leagues to the eastward, coming to mitigate the severity of winter on the western shores of the British Islands. North America, in those latitudes which are most genial in Europe, does experience a genuine winter, and the continental blast of cold wind called a "blizzard" is one of the fiercest on earth. In Siberia, on the contrary, the extreme cold of winter is usually accompanied by a stillness of the air which makes it far less painful to endure.

But the New Yorkers, even in the great city, enjoy the active outdoor pastimes, skating and sleighing and tobogganing, which are the gifts of their winter. Our Artist's Sketches in the Central Park show how they make the best of this opportunity up to the latest date. The sleigh, drawn by their wonderful swift-trotting horses, is a vehicle of exhilarating locomotion, in which Canadians and citizens of the Great Republic especially delight. It is highly appreciated, we believe, also in Sweden and Russia. Occasional trials of it in England prove the comparative worthlessness, for such sportive purposes, of a winter climate which affords but little hard snow and a great deal of slush.

The Queen has conferred a baronetcy of the United Kingdom upon the Hon. Sir Dinshaw Manockjee Petit, of Bombay.

Our Portrait of the late Baron Dowse is from a photograph by Messrs. Chancellor and Son, 55, Lower Sackville-street, Dublin; that of the late Dr. Wylde, founder of the New Philharmonic Society and of the London Academy of Music, is from a photograph by Messrs. Done and Ball, 12, Baker-street, and 62, Cheapside; and that of the late Major-General Sir Howard Elphinstone is from one taken some years ago, in his uniform as Aide-de-Camp to the Queen, by Messrs. Reichard and Lindner, of Berlin.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK,
MARCH 22, 1890.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates: To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, *Two-pence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Three-halfpence*. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, *Three-pence*; THIN EDITION, *Two-pence-halfpenny*. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, *Four-pence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Three-pence*.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.



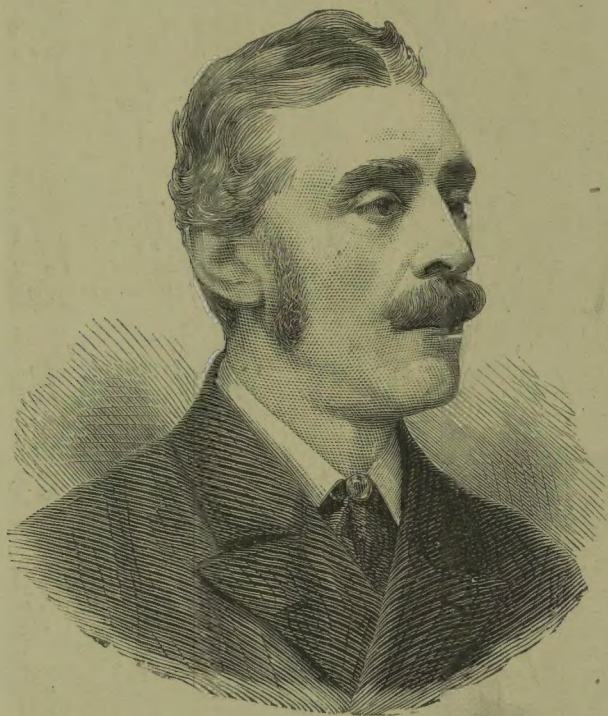
AMERICA REVISITED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST: NEW YORK'S FAREWELL TO WINTER.



SIR J. E. GORST, Q.C., M.P., UNDER-SECRETARY FOR INDIA.



SIR W. HOULDSWORTH, BART., M.P.

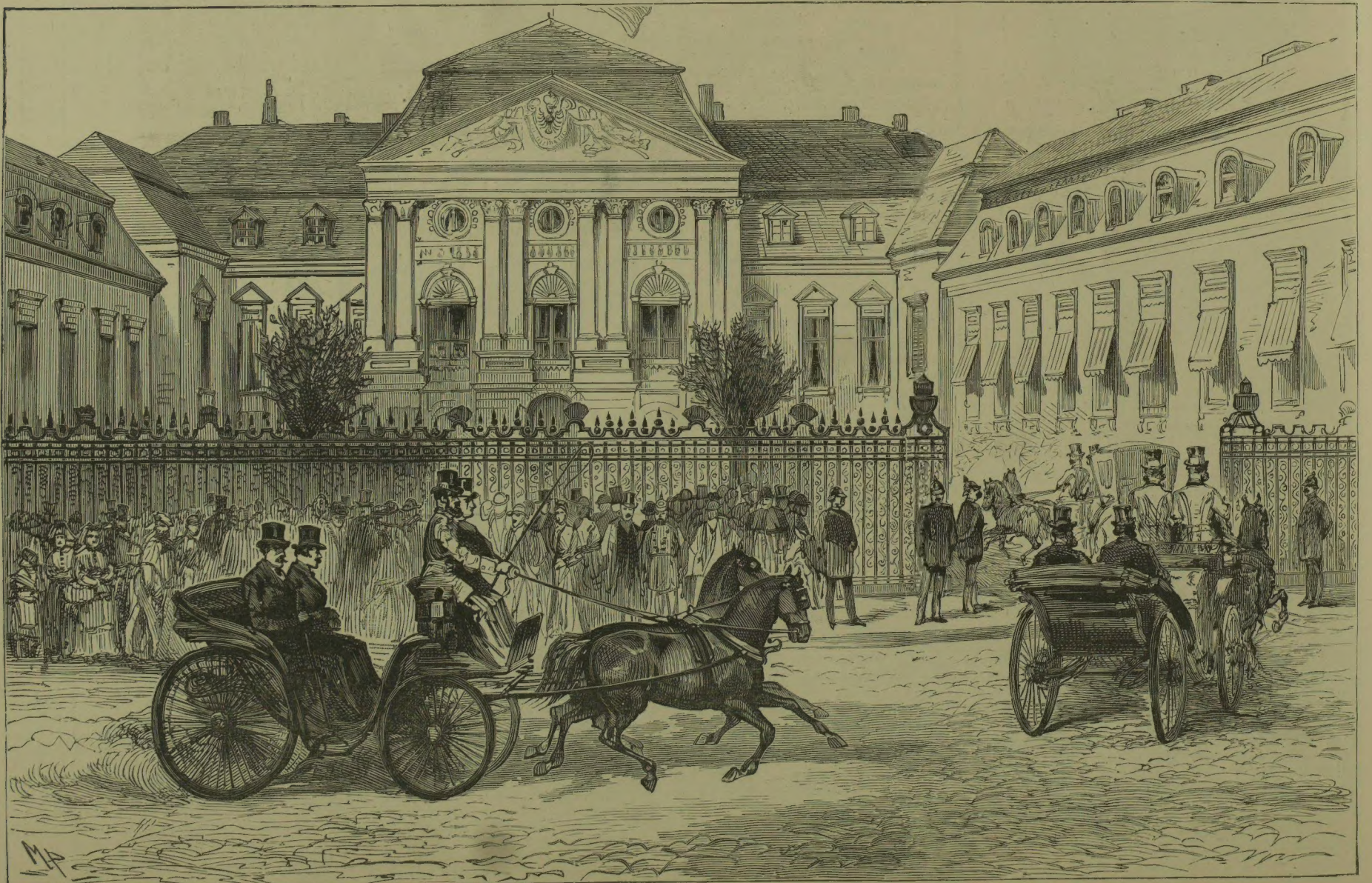


MR. DAVID DALE.

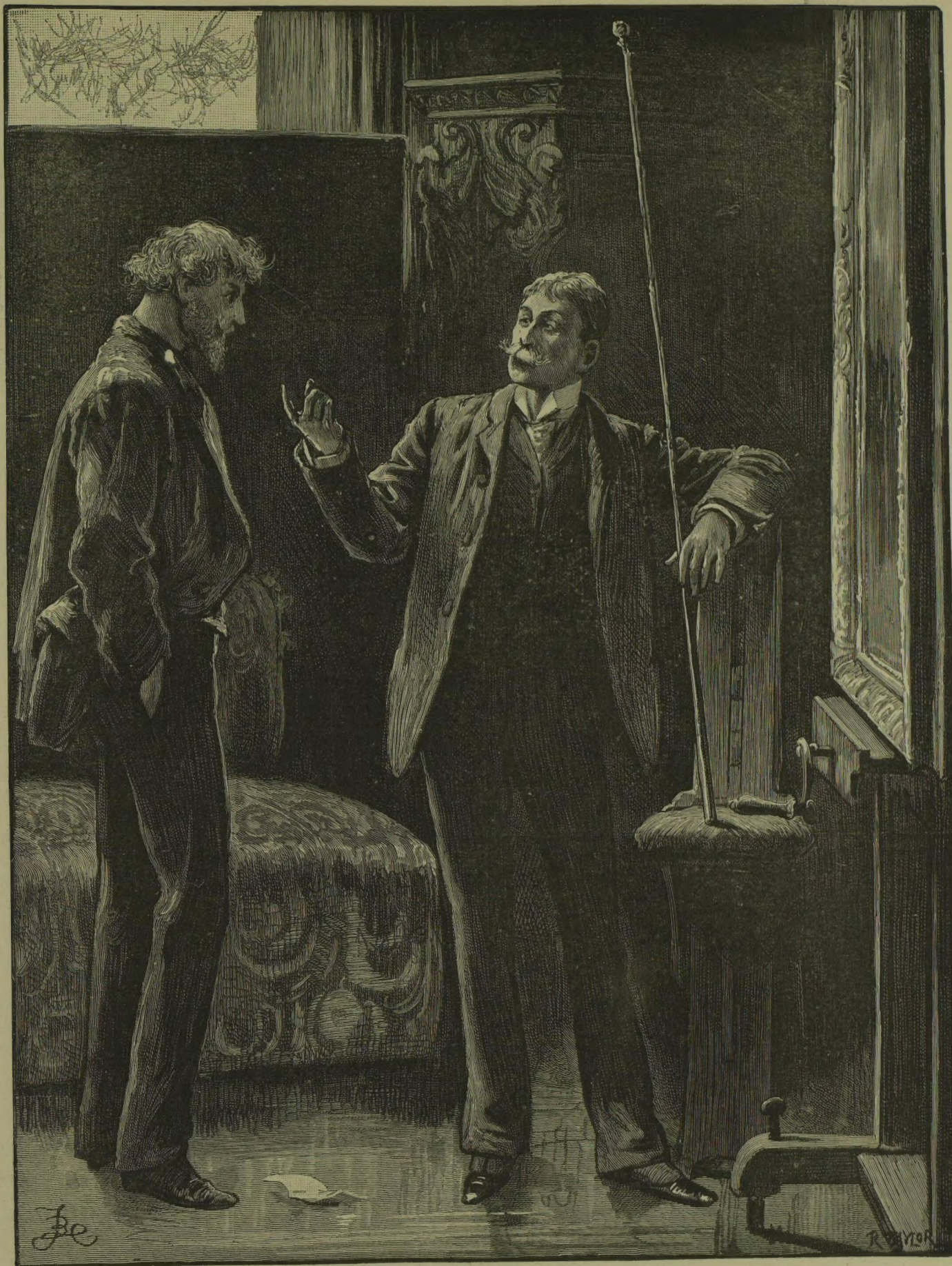


MR. JOHN BURNETT.

BRITISH DELEGATES TO THE BERLIN INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE ON LABOUR.



THE LABOUR CONFERENCE AT BERLIN: ARRIVAL OF DELEGATES AT PRINCE BISMARCK'S PALACE.



DRAWN BY FRED. BARNARD.

"I want to consult you a little about this picture of yours."

ARMOREL OF LYONESSE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY WALTER BESANT.

PART II.—CHAPTER III.

THE CLEVEREST MAN IN LONDON.

ALEC FEILDING—everybody, even those who had never seen him, called him Alec—stood before the fire in his own den. In his hand he held a manuscript, which he was reading with great care, making dabs and dashes on it with a thick red pencil.

Sometimes he called the place his studio, sometimes his study. No other man in London, I believe, has so good a right to call his workshop by either name. No other man in London, certainly, is so well known both for pen and pencil. To be at once a poet, a novelist, an essayist, and a painter, and to do all these things well, if not splendidly, is given to few.

The room was large and lofty, as becomes a studio. A heavy curtain hung across the door: the carpet was thick: there was a great fireplace, as deep and broad as that of an old hall, the fire burning on bricks in the ancient style. Above the fireplace there was no modern overmantel, but dark panels of oak, carved in flowers and grapes, with a coat of arms—his own: he claimed descent from the noble House of Feilding: and in the centre panel his own portrait let into the wall without a frame—the work was executed by the most illustrious portrait-painter of the day—the face full of thought, the eyes charged with feeling, the features clear, regular, and classical.

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A beautiful portrait, with every point idealised. Three sides of the room were fitted with bookshelves, as becomes a study, and these were filled with books. The fourth side was partly hung with tapestry and partly adorned with armour and weapons. Here were also two small pictures, representing the illustrious Alec in childhood—the light of future genius already in his eyes—and in early manhood.

A large library table, littered with books, manuscripts, and proofs, belonged to the study. An easel before the north light, and another table provided with palettes, brushes, paints, and all the tools of the limning trade, belonged to the studio.

The house, which was in St. John's-wood, stood in an old garden at the end of a cul-de-sac off the main road: it was, therefore, quiet: the house itself was new, built in the style now familiar, and put up for the convenience of those who believe that there is nothing in the world to be considered except Art. Therefore there was a spacious hall: stairs broad enough for an ancient mansion led to the first floor and to the great studio. There were also three or four small cupboards, called bed-rooms, dining-room, and anything else you might please. But the studio was the real thing. The house was built for the studio.

The place was charged with an atmosphere of peace. Intellectual calm reigned here. Art of all kinds abhors noise. One could feel here the silence necessary for intellectual efforts of the highest order. Apart from the books and the

easel and this silence, the character of the occupant was betrayed—or perhaps proclaimed—by other things. The furniture was massive: the library table of the largest kind: the easy chairs by the fire as solid and comfortable as if they had been designed for a club smoking-room: a cabinet showed a collection of china behind glass: the appointments, down to the inkstand and the paper-knife, were large and solid: all together spoke not only of the artist but of the successful artist: not only of the man who works, but of one who works with success and honour: the man arrived. The things also spoke of the splendid man, the man who knows that success should be followed by the splendid life. Too often the successful man is a poor-spirited creature, who continues in the humble middle-class style to which he was born: is satisfied with his suburban villa, never wants a better house or one more finely appointed, and has no craving for society. What is success worth if one does not live up to it? Success is not an end: it is the means: it brings the power of getting the things that make life—wine—horses—the best cook at the best club—sport—the society, every day, of beautiful and well-bred women—all these things the man who has succeeded can enjoy. Those who have not yet succeeded may envy the favourite of Fortune.

As for his work, this highly successful man owned that he could not desert the Muse of Painting any more than her sister of Belles-Lettres. Happy would he be with either, were t' other

dear charmer away! Happier still was he with both! And they were not jealous. They allowed him—these tender creatures—to love them both. He was by nature polygamous, perhaps.

Therefore those who were invited to see his latest picture—the lucky few, because you must not think that his studio was open on Show Sunday for all the world to see—stayed, when they had admired that production, to talk of his latest poem—the latest story.

Over the mantelshelf was quite a stack of invitations. And really one hardly knows whether Alec Feilding was most to be envied for his success as a painter—though he painted little: or for his stories—though these were all short—much too short: or for his verses—certainly written in the most delightful vein of *vers de société*: or for his essays, full of observation: or for his social success, which was undoubted. And there is no doubt that there was not any man in London more envied, or who occupied a more enviable position, than Alec Feilding. To be sure, he deserved it: because, without any exception, he was the cleverest man in town.

He owned and edited a paper of his own—a weekly journal devoted to the higher interests of Art. It was called *The Muses Nine*. It was illustrated especially by blocks from art books noticed in its columns. In this paper his own things first appeared: his verses, his stories, his essays. The columns signed *Editor* were the leading feature of the paper, for which alone many people bought it every week. The contents of these columns were always fresh, epigrammatic, and delightful: in the stories a certain feminine quality lent piquancy—it seemed sometimes as if a man could not have written these stories: the verses always tripped lightly, merrily, and gracefully along. An Abbé de la Cour in the last century might have served up such a weekly dish for the Parisians, had he been the cleverest man in Paris.

Alec Feilding's enemies—every man who is rising or has risen has enemies—consolated themselves for a success which could not be denied by sneering at the ephemeral character of his work. It was for to-day: to-morrow, they said, it would be flat. This was not quite true, but, as it is equally true of nearly every piece of modern work, the successful author could afford to disregard this criticism. Perhaps there may be, here and there, a writer who expects more than a limited immortality: I do not know any, but there may be some. And these will probably be disappointed. The enemies said further that his social success—also undoubted—was due to his unbounded cheek. This, too, was partly true, because, if one would rise at all, one must possess that useful quality: without it one will surely sink. It is not to be denied that this young man walked into drawing-rooms as if his presence was a favour: that he spoke as one who delivers a judgment: and that he possessed a profound belief in himself. With such gifts and graces—the gift of painting, the gift of verse, the gift of fiction, a handsome presence, good manners, and unbounded cheek—Alec Feilding had already risen very high indeed for so young a man. His enemies, again, said that he was looking out for an heiress.

His enemies, as sometimes but not often happens, spoke from imperfect knowledge. Every man has his weak points, and should be careful to keep them to himself—friends may become enemies—and to let no one know them or suspect them. As for the weak points of Alec Feilding—had his enemies known them—But you shall see.

He sat down at his library-table and began to copy the manuscript that he had been reading. It was a laborious task, first because copying work is always tedious, and next because he was making alterations—changing names and places—and leaving out bits. He worked on steadily for about half an hour.

Then there was a gentle tap at the door, and his servant—who looked as solemn and discreet as if he had been Charles the Second's confidential clerk of the Back-stairs—came in noiselessly on tiptoe and whispered a name. Alec placed the manuscript and his copy carefully in a drawer, and nodded his head.

You have already seen the man who came in. Five years older, and a good deal altered—changed, perhaps, for the worse—but then the freshness of twenty-one cannot be expected to last. The man who stayed three weeks in Samson, and promised a girl that he would return. The man who broke that promise, and forgot the girl. He never went back to Scilly. Perhaps he had grown handsomer: his Vandyke beard and moustache were by this time thicker and longer: he was more picturesque in appearance than of old: he still wore a brown velvet coat: he looked still more what he was—an artist. But his cheek was thin and pale, dark rings were round his eyes, his face was gloomy: he wore the look of waste—the waste of energy and of purpose. It is not good to see this look in the eyes of a young man.

"You sent for me," he said, with no other greeting.

"I did. Come in. Is the door shut? I've got some good news for you. Heavens! you look as if you wanted good news badly! What's the matter, man? More debts and duns? And I want to consult you a little about this picture of yours"—he pointed to the easel.

"Mine? No: yours. You have bought me—pictures and all."

"Just as you like. What does it matter—here—within these walls?"

"Hush! Even here you should not whisper it. The birds of the air, you know—Take great care"—Roland laughed, but not mirthfully. "Mine?" he repeated; "mine? Suppose I were to call together the fellows at the club, and suppose I were to tell the story of the last three years?—eh? eh? How a man was fooled on until he sold himself and became a slave—eh?"

"You can't tell that story, Roland, you know."

"Some day I will—I must."

Alec Feilding threw himself back in his chair, crossed his legs, and joined his fingers. It is an attitude of judicial remembrance.

"Come, Roland," he said, smiling blandly. "Let us have it out. It galls sometimes, doesn't it? But remember you can't have everything—come, now. If you were to tell the fellows at the club, truthfully, the whole story, they would, I dare say, be glad to get such a beautiful pile of stones to throw at me. One more reputation built on pretence and humbug—eh? Yes: the little edifice which you and I have reared together with so much care would be shattered at a single stroke, wouldn't it? You could do that: you can always do that. But at some little cost to yourself—some little cost, remember."

Roland remarked that the cost or consequences of that little exploit might be condemned.

"Truly. If you will. But not until you realise what they are. Now my version of the story is this. There was once—three years ago—a fellow who had failed. The Academy wouldn't accept his pictures; no one would buy them. And yet he had some power and true feeling. But he could not succeed: he could not get anybody to buy his pictures. And then he was an extravagant kind of man: he was head over ears in debt: he liked to lead the easy life—dinner and billiards at the club—all the rest of it. Then there was another man—an old schoolfellow of his—a man who wanted, for purposes of his own, a reputation for genius in more than

one branch of Art. He wanted to seem a master of painting as well as poetry and fiction. This man addressed the Failure. He said, 'Unsuccessful Greatness, I will buy your pictures of you, on the simple condition that I may call them mine.' The Failure hesitated at first. Naturally. He was loth to write himself down a Failure. Everybody would be. Then he consented. He promised to paint no more in the style in which he had failed except for this other man. Then the other man, who knew his way about, called his friends together, set up a picture painted by the Failure on an easel, bought the tools, laid them out on the table—there they are—and launched himself upon the world as an artist as well as a poet and author. A Fraud, wasn't he? Yet it paid both men—the Fraud and the Failure. For the Fraud knew how to puff the work and to get it puffed and praised and noticed everywhere; he made people talk about it: he had paragraphs about it: he got critics to treat his—or the Failure's—pictures seriously: in fact, he advertised them as successfully and as systematically as if he had been a soap-man. Is this true, so far?"

"Quite true. Go on—Fraud."

"I will—Failure. Then the price of the pictures went up. The Fraud was able to sell them at a price continually rising. And the Failure received a price in proportion. He shared in the proceeds. The Fraud gave him two thirds. Is that true? Two thirds. He ran your price, Failure, from nothing at all to four hundred and fifty pounds—your last, and biggest price. And he gave you two thirds. All you had to do was to produce the pictures. What he did was to persuade the world that they were great and valuable pictures. Is that true?"

Roland grunted.

"Three years ago you were at your wits' end for the next day's dinner. You had borrowed of all your friends: you had pawned your watch and chain: you were face to face with poverty—no; starvation. Deny that, if you can." He turned fiercely on Roland. "You can't deny it. What are you now? You have a good income: you dine every day on the best of everything: you do yourself well in every respect. Hang it, Roland, you are an ungrateful dog!"

"You have ruined my life. You have robbed me of my name."

"Let us stop heroics. If you are useful to me, I am ten times as useful to you. Because, my dear boy, without me you cannot live. Without you I can do very well. Indeed, I have only to find another starving genius—there are plenty about—in order to keep up my reputation as a painter. Go to the club. Call the men together. Tell them if you like, and what you like. You have no proofs. I can deny it, and I can give you the sack, and I can get that other starving genius to carry on the work."

Roland made no reply.

"Why, my dear fellow—why should we quarrel? What does it matter about a little reputation? What is the good of your precious name to you when you are dead? Here you are—painting better and better every day—your price rising—your position more assured—what on earth can any man want more? As for me, you are useful to me. If you were not, I should put an end to the arrangement. That is understood. Very well, then. Enough said. Now, if you please, we will look at the picture."

He got up and walked across the room to the easel. Roland followed submissively, with hanging head. He staggered as he went: not with strong drink, but with the rage that tore his heart.

"It is really a very beautiful thing," said the cleverest man in all London, looking at it critically. "I think that even you have never done anything quite so good."

The picture showed a great rock rising precipitously from the sea—at its base was a reef or projecting shelf. The shags stood in a line on the top of the rock: the puffins flew around the rock and swam about in the water: there was a little sea on, but not much: a boat with a young man in it lay off the rock, and a girl was on the reef standing among the long yellow seaweed: the spray flew up the sides of the rock: the sun was sinking. What was it but one of Roland's sketches made in the Outer Islands, with Armorer for his companion?

"It is very good, Roland," Alec repeated. "If I am not so good a painter myself, I am not envious. I can appreciate and acknowledge good work"—under the circumstances, rather an extraordinary speech. But Roland's gloomy face softened a little. Even at such a moment the artist feels the power of praise. The other, standing before the picture, watched the softening of the face. "Good work?" he repeated by way of question. "Man! it is splendid work! I can feel the breath of the salt breeze: I can see the white spray flying over the rock: the girl stands out real and living. It is a splendid piece of work, Roland."

"I think it is better than the last," the unlucky painter replied huskily.

"I should rather think it is. I expect to get a great name for this picture"—the painter winced—"and you—you—the painter, will get a much more solid thing—you will get a big cheque. I've sold it already. No dealers this time. It has been bought by a rich American. Three hundred is the figure I can offer you. And here's your cheque."

He took it, ready drawn and signed, from his pocket-book. Roland Lee received it, but he let it drop from his fingers: the paper fluttered to the floor. He gazed upon the picture in silence.

"Well? What are you thinking of?"

"I was thinking of the day when I made the sketch for that picture. I remember what the girl said to me."

"What the devil does it matter what the girl said? All we care about is the picture."

"I remember her very words. You who have bought the picture can see the girl; but I who painted it can hear her voice."

"You are not going off into heroics again?"

"No, no. Don't be afraid. I am not going to tell you what she said. Only I told her, being pleased with what she told me, that she was a prophetess. Nobody ought ever to prophesy good things about a man, for they never come to pass. Let them prophesy disappointment and ruin and shame, and then they always come true. My God! what a prophecy was hers! And what has come of it? I have sold my genius, which is my soul. I have traded it away. It is the sin unforgiven in this world and in the next."

"When you give over tragedy and blank verse"—

"Oh! I have done."

"I should like to ask you a question."

"Ask it."

"The foreground—the seaweeds lying over the boulders. Does the light fall quite naturally? I hardly understand—look here. If the sunlight"—

"You to pretend to be a painter!" Roland snorted impatiently. "You to talk about lights and shadows! Man alive! I wonder you haven't been found out ages ago! The light falls this way—this way—see!"—he turned the painting about to show how it fell.

"Oh! I understand. Yes, yes; I see now." Alec seemed not to resent this language of contempt.

"Is there anything else you want to know before I go? Perhaps you wish the sea painted black?"

"Cornish coast again, I suppose?"

"Somewhere that way. What does it matter where you put it? Call it a view on Primrose Hill."

He stooped and picked up the cheque. He looked at it savagely for a moment as if he would like to tear it into a thousand fragments. Then he crammed it into his pocket and turned to go.

"My American," said Alec, "who rolls in money, is ready to buy another. I think I can make an advance of fifty. Shall we say three hundred and fifty? And shall we expect the painting in three months or so? Before the summer holidays—say. You will become rich, old man. As for this fellow, he is going to the New Gallery. Go and gaze upon it and say to yourself, 'This was worth, to me, three hundred—three hundred.' How many men at the club, Roland, can command three hundred for a picture? Thirty is nearer their figure; and your own, dear boy, would have continued to stand at double duck's egg if it had not been for me. Trust me for running up your price. Our interests, my dear Roland, are identical and indivisible. I think you are the only painter in history whose name will remain unknown though his works will live as long as the pigments keep their colour. Fortune is yours, and fame is mine. You have got the best of the bargain."

"Curse you and your bargain!"

"Pleasant words, Roland"—his face darkened. "Pleasant words, if you please, or perhaps. . . I know, now, what is the reason of this outbreak. I heard last night a rumour. You've been taking opium again."

"It isn't true. If it was, what does that matter to you?"

"This, my friend. The partnership exists only so long as the work continues to improve. If bad habits spoil the quality of the work I shall dissolve the partnership, and find that other starving genius—plenty, plenty, plenty about. Nothing shakes the nerves more quickly than opium. Nothing destroys the finer powers of head and hand more surely. Don't let me hear any more about opium. Don't fall into bad habits if you want to go on making an income. And don't let me have to speak of this again. Now, there is no more to be said, I think. Well, we part friends. Ta-ta, dear boy."

Roland flung himself out of the room with an interjection of great strength not found in the school grammars.

Alec Feilding returned to his table. "Roland's a great fool," he murmured. "Because there isn't a gallery in London that wouldn't jump at his pictures, and he could sell as fast as he could paint. A great fool he is. But it would be very difficult for me to find another man so good and such a fool. On fools and their folly the wise man flourishes."

PART II.—CHAPTER IV.

MASTER OF ALL THE ARTS.

This unreasonable person dispatched, and the illustrious artist's doubts about his lights and shadows dispelled, Alec Feilding resumed his interrupted task. That is to say, he took the manuscript out of the drawer and went on laboriously copying it. So great a writer, whose time was so precious, might surely give out his copying work. Lesser men do this. For half an hour he worked on. Then the servant tapped at the door and came in again, noiselessly as before, to whisper a name.

Alec nodded, and once more put back the manuscript in the drawer.

The visitor was a young lady. She was of slight and slender figure, dressed quite plainly, and even poorly, in a cloth jacket and a stuff frock. Her gloves were shabby. Her features were fine but not beautiful, the eyes bright, and the mouth mobile, but the forehead too large for beauty. She carried a black leather roll such as those who teach music generally carry about with them. She was quite young, certainly not more than two-and-twenty.

"Effie?" He looked round, surprised.

"May I come in for two minutes? I will not stay longer. Indeed, I should be so sorry to waste your time."

"I am sure you would, Effie." He gave her his hand, without rising. "Precious time—my time—there is so little of it. Therefore, child"—

"I have brought you," she said, "another little poem. I think it is the kind of thing you like—in the *vers de société* style." She unrolled her leather case and took out a very neatly written paper.

He read it slowly. Then he nodded his head approvingly and read it aloud.

"How long does it take you to knock off this kind of thing, Effie?"

"It took me the whole of yesterday. This morning I corrected it and copied it out. Do you like it?"

"You are a clever little animal, Effie, and you shall make your fortune. Yes; it is very good, very good indeed: Austin Dobson himself is not better. It is very good: light; tripping, graceful—in good taste. It is very good indeed. Leave it with me, Effie. If I like it as well to-morrow as I do to-day, you may depend upon seeing it in the next number."

"Oh!" she blushed a rosy red with the pleasure of being praised. Indeed, it is a pleasure which never palls. The old man who has been praised all his life is just as eager for more as the young poet who is only just beginning. "Oh! you really think it is good?"

"I do indeed. The best proof is that I am going to buy it of you. It shall go into the editor's column—my own column—in the place of honour."

"Yes," she replied, but doubtfully—and she reddened again for a different reason. "Oh, Mr. Feilding," she said with an effort, "I am so happy when I see my verses in print—in your paper—even without my name. It makes me so proud that I hardly dare to say what I want."

"Say it, Effie. Get it off your mind. You will feel better afterwards."

"Well, then, it cannot be anything to you—so great and high, with your beautiful stories and your splendid pictures. What is a poor little set of verses to you?"

"Go on—go on." His face clouded and his eyes hardened.

"In the paper it doesn't matter a bit. It is—it is—later—when they come out all together in a little volume—with—"

"Go on, I say." He sat upright, his chair half turned, his hands on the arms, his face severe and judicial.

"With your name on the titlepage."

"Oh! that is troubling your mind, is it?"

"When the critics praise the poems and praise the poet—oh! is it right, Mr. Feilding? Is it right?"

"Upon my word!" He pushed back his chair and rose, a tall man of six feet, frowning angrily—so that the girl trembled and tottered. "Upon my word! This—from you! This from the girl whom I have literally kept from starvation! Miss Effie Wilmot, perhaps you will tell me what you mean! Haven't I bought your verses? Haven't I polished and corrected them, and made them fit to be seen? Am I not free to do what I please with my own?"

"Yes—yes—you buy them. But I—oh!—I write them!"

"Look here, child; I can have no nonsense. Before I took

these verses of you, had you any opening or market for them?"

"No. None at all."

"Nobody would buy them. They were not even returned by editors. They were thrown into the basket. Very well. I buy them on the condition that I do what I please with them. I give you three pounds—three pounds—for a poem, if it is good enough for me to lick into shape. Then it becomes my own. It is a bargain. When you leave off wanting money you will leave off bringing me verses. Then I shall look for another girl. There are thousands of girls about who can write verses as good as these."

The girl remained silent. What her employer said was perfectly true. And yet—and yet—it was not right.

"What more do you want?" he asked brutally.

"I am the author of these poems," she said. "And you are not."

"Within these walls I allow you to say so—this once. Take care never to say so again. Outside these walls, if you say so, I will bring an action against you for libel and slander and defamation of character. Remember that. You had better, however, take these verses and go away." He flung them at her feet. "We will put an end to the arrangement."

"No, no—I consent." She humbly stooped and picked them up. "Do what you like with them. I am too poor to refuse. Do what you please."

"It is your interest, certainly, to consent. Why, I paid you last year a hundred pounds. A hundred pounds! There's an income for a girl of twenty! Well, Effie, I forgive you. But no more nonsense. And give over crying." For now she was sobbing and crying. "Look here, Effie"—he laid his hand on hers—"some day, before long, I will put your verses in another column, with your name at the end—'Effie Wilmot.' Come, will that do?"

"Oh! if you would! If you really would!"

"I really will, child. Don't think I care much about the thing. What does it matter to me whether I am counted a writer of society verses? It pleased me that the world should think me capable of these trifles while I am elaborating a really ambitious poem. One more little volume and I shall have done. Besides, all this time you are improving. When you burst upon the world it will be with wings full-fledged and flight-sustained that you will soar to the stars. Fair poetess, I will make your fame assured. Be comforted."

She looked up, tearful and happy. "Oh, forgive me!" she said. "Yes; I will do everything—exactly—as you want!"

"The world wants another poetess. You shall be that sweet singer. Let me be the first to acknowledge the gift divine." He bowed and raised her hand and kissed the fingers of her shabby glove.

"Now, child," he said, "your visit has gained you another three pounds—here they are."

She took the money, blushing again. The glowing prospect warmed her heart. But the three golden sovereigns chilled her again. She had parted with her child—her own. It was gone—and he would call it his and pretend to be the father. And yet he was going to make such splendid amends to her.

"How is your brother?"

"He is always the same. He works all day at his play. In the afternoon he creeps out for a little on his crutches. In the future, Mr. Feilding, we are both going to be happy, he with his dramas and I with my poems."

"Is his drama nearly ready?"

"Very nearly."

"Tell him to let me read it. I can, at least, advise him."

"If you will! Oh! you are so kind! What we should have done without your help and the money you have given me, I do not know."

"You are welcome, sweet singer and heavenly poet." The great man took her hand and pressed it. "Now be thankful that you came here. You have cleared your mind of doubts, and you know what awaits you in the future. Bring your brother's little play. I should like—yes, I should like to see what sort of a play he has written."

She went away, happier for the prophecy. In the dead of night she dreamed that she saw Mr. Alec Feilding carried along in a triumphal car to the Temple of Fame. The goddess herself, flying aloft in a white satin robe, blew the trumpet, and a nymph flying lower down—in white linen—put on the laurel crown and held it steady when the chariot bumped over the ruts. It was her crown—her own—that adorned those brows. Is it right? she asked again. Is it right?

Mr. Feilding, when she was gone, proceeded to copy out the poem carefully in his own handwriting, adding a few erasures and corrections so as to give the copy the hall-mark of the poet's study. Then he threw the original upon the fire.

"There!" he said, "if Miss Effie Wilmot should have the audacity to claim these things as her own, at least I have the originals in my own handwriting—with my own corrections upon them, too, as they were sent to the printer. Yes, Effie, my dear; some day perhaps your verses shall appear with your name to them. Not while they are so good, though. I only wish they were a little more masculine."

Again he lugged out that manuscript, and resumed his copying, laboriously toiling on. The clock ticked, and the ashes dropped, and the silence was profound while he performed this intellectual feat.

At the stroke of noon the servant disturbed him a third time. He put away his work in the drawer, and went out to meet this visitor.

This time it was none other than a Lady of Quality—a Grande Dame de par le monde. She came in splendid attire, sailing into the studio like some richly adorned pinnacle or royal yacht. A lady of a certain age, but still comely in the eyes of man.

"Lady Frances!" cried Alec. "This is, indeed, unexpected. And you know that it is the greatest honour for me to wait upon you."

"Yes, yes; I know that. But I thought I should like to see you as you are—in your own studio. So I came. I hope not at an inconvenient time."

"No time could be inconvenient for a visit from you."

"I don't know. Your model might be sitting to you. To be sure, you are not a figure-painter. But one always supposes that models are standing to artists all day long. Good-looking women, too, I believe. Perhaps you have got one hidden away behind the screen, just as they do on the stage. I will

look." She put up her glasses and walked across the room to look behind the screen. "No; she has gone. Oh! is this your new picture?"

He bowed. "I hope you like it."

"I do," she said, looking at it. "It seems to me the very best thing you have done. Oh! it is really beautiful! Do you know, Mr. Feilding, that you are a very wonderful man?"

Alec laughed pleasantly. Of course he knew. "If you think so," he said.

"You write the most beautiful verses and the most charming stories: you paint the most wonderful pictures: you belong to society, and you go everywhere. How do you do it? How do you find time to do it? I suppose you never want any sleep? Poet, painter, novelist, journalist! Are you a sculptor as well, by chance?"

"Not yet. Perhaps."

"Glutton! Are you a dramatist?"

"Again—not yet. Perhaps, some time."

"Insatiable! You are a Master of all the Arts. Alec Feilding, M.A." He laughed pleasantly, again.

"You are the cleverest man in all London. Well; I sent you another story yesterday."

"You did. I was about to write and thank you for it. Is it a true story?"

"Quite true. It happened in my husband's family, thirty years ago. They are not very proud of it. You can dress it up somehow with new names."

"Quite so. I shall rewrite the whole."

"I don't mind. It is a great pleasure to me to see the stories in print. And no one suspects poor little Me. Are they so very badly written?"

"The style is a little—just a little, may I say?—jerky. But



A MONSTER ELEPHANT AT MANDALAY.

the stories are admirable. Do let me have some more, Lady Frances."

"Remember. No one is to know where you get them."

"A Masonic secrecy forms part of my character. I even put my own name to them for greater security."

He did. Every week he put his own name to stories which he got from people like this Lady of Quality.

"That ought to disarm suspicion. On the other hand, everybody must know that you cannot invent these things."

Alec laughed. "Most people give me credit for inventing even your stories."

"By the way," she said, "are you coming to my dinner next week?"

"With the greatest pleasure."

"If you don't come you shall have no more stories drawn from the domestic annals and the early escapades of the British Aristocracy."

"I assure you, Lady Frances, I look forward with the greatest"—

"Very well, then. I shall expect you. And remember—secrecy."

She laid her finger on her lips and vanished.

The smile faded out of the young man's face. He sat down again, and once more set himself to work doggedly copying out the manuscript, which was, indeed, none other than the story furnished him by Lady Frances. It was going to appear in the next week's issue of the journal, with his name at the end.

Was not Alec Feilding the cleverest all-round man in the whole of London—*Omnium artium magister*?

(To be continued.)

Mr. J. Balfour Paul has been appointed Lyon King of Arms, in the room of Mr. George Burnett, deceased.

The Queen has been pleased to appoint Sir Arthur Eliphank Havelock, K.C.M.G. (late Governor of Natal), to be Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Island of Ceylon and its dependencies.

"THE BOY THAT DROVE THE SHEEP."

In the coloured engraving presented as an Extra Supplement, a pretty urchin, who has been mischievously chasing the flock of sheep in the meadow, finds himself threatened with vengeance by the guardian sire of those woolly simpletons, and stops with a look of cautious apprehension to consider the expediency of running away. As the ram is considerably bigger than the boy, and is armed with formidable curly horns which the stoutest man would not care to feel poking him under the ribs, we should hope there will be no hostile encounter. It is well known to all who have much to do with sheep that these animals can be very spiteful and vindictive when too much teased and provoked. One of the funniest incidents of this kind was observed in a stroll in Regent's Park, when a dog, which had been annoying some sheep on the grass, felt sick and began to vomit: the whole flock, seeing their enemy helpless, presently formed a close circle around him, stamping their feet, uttering strange grunts of menace, and proceeding to hustle him about, till he sneaked off in a very distressing plight. If this small boy were once knocked down and rolled over by the powerful ram, all the ewes and wethers in the flock would soon join in a triumphant dance over his prostrate body. So he had better run home as fast as he can, and leave them unmolested in future.

A BURMESE FUNERAL: BIG ELEPHANT.

The monster effigy of an elephant, which is conspicuous in one of a series of the pomps and ceremonies attending the funeral, called the "Byan," of an illustrious "Phoongye," one of the grand ecclesiastical personages of the wealthy monasteries in Burmah, was admired by a large congregation in the city of Mandalay. It stood about 80 ft. high, including the "pyathet" or bier, of carved and gilt or painted woodwork, arising from the back of the enormous beast, whose body was a hollow structure of bamboo framework, covered with paper, standing on a movable platform to be drawn along the street. In the lofty "pyathet" was a coffin which contained the mortal remains of the deceased Right Reverend Phoongye, after lying in state, embalmed of course, during the prescribed months of mourning, at the monastery over which he had formerly presided, to the religious edification of Buddhist believers. Accompanied by different other vehicles, bearing figures of sacred symbolic import, and by a procession of yellow-robed monks, priests, acolytes, and servants of the Church, glorious as an army with banners, exhibiting no end of emblematic devices, and chanting or shouting words of sanctified praise, this elephantine hearse or bier arrived at the appointed place of cremation. Here was erected the funeral pyre, an imposing edifice of wood fantastically shaped and built up; its lower part was formed so as to resemble flames rolling and curling their billowy crests to and fro; above which rose a pagoda, open at the front side, with a canopied bier to receive the corpse of that most holy man. Thousands of people belonging to all classes of Burmese native society were assembled to behold this interesting spectacle, which was also witnessed by the British General and his staff, officers of the garrison, and other European residents at Mandalay. The wood of the pyre, rendered more inflammable by a coating of resinous or pitchy substance, having been ignited, after the utterance of sundry hymns and prayers, the body was speedily consumed. In some instances the fire has been kindled by means of rockets attached to ropes, along which they ran blazing and fizzing up into the midst of the woodwork; but this practice was recently forbidden, as likely to cause a dangerous conflagration. The ashes of the Phoongye were collected in a sacred urn, to be preserved in the "Kyoung" where he had formerly dwelt, in the monastery precincts, until a special pagoda is built for the permanent shrine.

The amount of magnificence bestowed on the funeral of a Phoongye is measured by the importance of his monastery, which is a place of religious education for youth of the upper classes of society; and by his individual reputation for sanctity, and the number of years he has kept the prescribed fasts and worn the yellow ribbon of his Order. The ceremonies last a week or more: all the villages in the neighbourhood contribute towards the ex-

penses of the funeral, sending in large ornamental cars, or gigantic figures of men, women, elephants, dragons, and other grotesque forms. These are seized by the men, who vigorously dance about with them, to the accompaniment of music and singing. Other amusements are provided for the crowd—wrestling matches, pony races, marionette plays, and dramatic performances go on all through the night.

We are indebted to Surgeon Arthur G. E. Newland, of the Indian Medical Staff, for the series of photographs, one of which is here reproduced, illustrating the Burmese monasteries, and the pomps and dignities of the Buddhist Established Church.

The Duke of Fife has consented to become President of the Beckenham School of Music, in the place of the late Earl Sydney, who occupied the position from the establishment of the school in 1883 until his death.

The Queen has become patron, conjointly with the King of the Belgians, of the Stanley and African Exhibition, which is fixed to be opened at the Victoria Gallery, Regent-street, on Monday, March 24. The Duke of Fife has joined the Committee.

A meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution was held at its house, John-street, Adelphi, on March 13, Sir Edward Birkbeck, M.P., being in the chair. Rewards amounting to £285 were granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution for services rendered during February, and rewards were also granted to the crews of shore-boats and to others for saving life from wrecks on our coasts. Payments amounting to £5800 were ordered to be made on the 293 life-boat establishments of the institution. New life-boats had been sent during February to Holyhead and Shoreham.—The Duke of Fife presided on the 15th at the annual meeting of the institution, held at Princes' Hall. The annual report gave a satisfactory account of the life-boat services during the year, 420 lives having been saved by them, while 207 more had been rescued by shore-boats and other means, these services being duly acknowledged and rewarded by the institution.

THROUGH COUNTRY EYES.

For country folk the town possesses continual and unflinching attractions. Not that in their heart of hearts the dwellers by sweet burnside and quiet field-corner would prefer the eager, hurrying life of the streets. Soon they would grow weary in these busy thoroughfares if fate or fortune ordered that they must stay there, and their thoughts would be going back wistfully to the field-paths far away, to the scent of the hay-ricks in the dusk and the low of the kine at milking-time. But, as a change, the visit to town is all delightful and full of wonder. The breathless rush of business, so grimly earnest a thing to the partakers in it, is a holiday and a mental flip to them, and their fresh and curious eyes see about the common transactions of city life the charm and colour of romance. Who will not envy them, these grown-up children, to whom the marvel and the glory of human life at its focus has never yet become commonplace? What has the world not lost by calling so many great and wonderful enterprises by the name of business? It is as if the choicest vintages of Spain and France had been rendered joyless by the name of physic. Is there not poetry of an epic sort in the sending of every ocean steamer, life-laden and itself throbbing with Olympian life, to sea? Is there not poetry in the rumble and clank of each printing-press as ream after ream of paper runs out to be blackened with the mystic record of human action and thought? The inner beauty and meaning of these things going on around him the blasé town-dweller too often does not see. Occasionally, indeed, on the inception of some great design the merchant-lord, as he drives his pen, may amid the glow of his enthusiasm catch something of the Promethean fire and become conscious of the living glory, the soul of modern achievement. But for the rest, except perhaps "an idle poet here and there," the romance of it all is obscured basely by the dust and smoke. The clerk yonder, going to his counting-house of a morning, sees nothing before him but a mechanical writing up of books all day. The awe and charm of his first boyish entry to that counting-house has long ago been forgotten, though who will say that the boy's eyes did not see truer and deeper? The nameless feet that come and go all day in his hearing will have none of the old suggestiveness for him. He will be all unwitting of the tragedy and comedy in the pages of the ledger he writes. Even the ingenuity of the wonderful "system" upon which his work is arranged has long ceased to excite in him any real enthusiasm. He will think merely of five o'clock, and the small pastime of the evening. For him the charm and interest of the city's great life has died out with its novelty.

Fresh, however, from the plough-lands and the coppice-sides the country folk come in. Their eyes are clear with the wind of the hills, and their hearing tuned by the silence of country nights. No cloyed palates are theirs. For them the bloom still is dim upon the grapes of life. Listen to their voices as they go along the street. Something of the delight of primeval nature is in them. They are not ashamed to be pleased with the great architecture and the endless stream of traffic, and their eyes catch quickly upon oddities of character in the crowd which the city man passes by. At the end of the day they will have a long tale to tell of wonderful things seen, heard, and befallen, which the townsman at their elbow knows nothing of—small events of the street which become strangely significant when in this way singled out. It is reserved for the citizen on coming out of hospital, or home from a distant voyage, to glory in "the stature and strength of the horses," the graciousness and carriage of the women, the character and energy of the men; to thrill again with old enthusiasm as the whistle blows, the streets clear, and the helmeted fire-heroes dash past at a gallop; to turn with a thoughtful look, and hazard a guess at the tragedy inside, as the Red Cross ambulance-dray threads swiftly away towards the accident infirmary. Soon, however, his eyes grow dim again with custom, and he does not see. With countryfolk it is not so. Ever to their eyes the tide

that flows in the streets keeps new and vivid interest. Quick they remain to discern the flotsam and jetsam of noble and ignoble wrecks drifted along by the current; and the strange living things that surge up here and there from the depths are photographed freshly on the tablets of their thought. Sit near them at the play and watch their earnest looks, and listen to their laughter. Its wholesomeness does the heart good. For them art still preserves its illusion, as nature for them still preserves its beauty and truth. Out of the silence of the country they bring a strong power of mental concentration. Theirs is the faculty of seeing one thing at a time, and of seeing it well.

And much there is to see in town, if one looks with thoughtful eyes. Busily every day of his life the citizen jostles through the crowd. Time is money, and he has many things to attend to, and no sign tells him that he is passing

that, notwithstanding this, in a few moments, round the next corner, he will meet his wife coming, haughty as an empress, out of the most expensive milliner's establishment in the city? Such is his little story. Again, from the car top on the way to the suburbs one has leisure to note many things. A young girl is making her way from the city, walking home to save the expense of car fare. Quietly dressed but in deep mourning, she is returning from her second day's experience as assistant in a large city warehouse—a bitter enough trial of itself to one delicately nurtured as she has been. But her father has gone, and there are five younger ones at home to be cared for. A young man meets her, tall, immaculately attired, on his way citywards. Did you see the light that came all at once into her face, how she smiled, stepped to meet him, and, her greeting returned only by a stiff bow, hastily pulled down her veil and hurried

on? Would it be supposed that a short three months ago these two were all but acknowledged lovers? It seems, however, that there is a difference now, and he can remember only that he is her master's son.

Such slight details suggest some of the real dramas which the busy man every day passes by unheeded in the streets, but which reveal themselves at each turn to the thoughtful leisure of a quiet eye. G. E.-T.

MORFA COLLIERY DISASTER.

Another terrible calamity among the South Wales collieries took place on Monday, March 10, at the Morfa Colliery, belonging to Messrs. Vivian and Sons, situated at Taibach, near Aberavon and Port Talbot, on the coast of Glamorganshire. There were about two hundred and fifty men at work below, at half past twelve noonday, when an explosion of inflammable gas burst out in a part called the Cribbwr vein or seam, which was known to be particularly liable to such dangers.

The manager, Mr. Thomas Gray, was writing letters in his office, fifty yards from the pit's mouth. Hearing the explosion, and seeing volumes of smoke coming out, he descended with a few other men, as soon as they could, while hundreds of people assembled from the neighbouring villages and hamlets. The cage and winding-gear had remained in good order; and the exploring party presently reached "the nine-foot vein," where many of the men had been working. Nearly a hundred were sent up alive and not seriously hurt, though some had been thrown down and bruised or shaken by the concussion. Four were found dead at the bottom of the pit. The main dip, and the passages leading to the Cribbwr seam workings, however, were completely blocked up with a heavy fall of coal, extending along the engine plane almost eighty yards in length. Behind this were a hundred and fifty men, of whom only a few could be rescued, having escaped direct injury from the fire and being in a position to crawl out through apertures between the huge blocks of coal. The labours of different working parties continued day and night, under the direction of the manager, aided by his brother, Mr. F. Gray, a deputy inspector of mines; and two other

inspectors, Mr. Robson and Mr. Randall, also joined in the search. It was the work of many hours to clear the way for a short distance; and there could be little hope of saving the lives of men imprisoned several days in the mine. The most likely estimate of the number who perished is 120 or 130; but only eighteen bodies had been recovered on the Thursday after the explosion. The names of those missing show an unusual proportion of married men, whose families are involved in much distress. A relief fund has been established, to which Sir Hussey Vivian, one of the owners of the colliery, has subscribed £2000. The Lord Mayor of London has opened a Mansion House subscription for the Morfa Colliery disaster, separately from that connected with the disasters at the Llanerch Colliery, which was narrated a few weeks ago. The loss of life on that occasion was greater, 170 of the colliers being killed, and the sum required to help the survivors and the widows and orphans was estimated at £29,000. The Miners' Provident Fund has had a severe strain put upon it by these sad events.

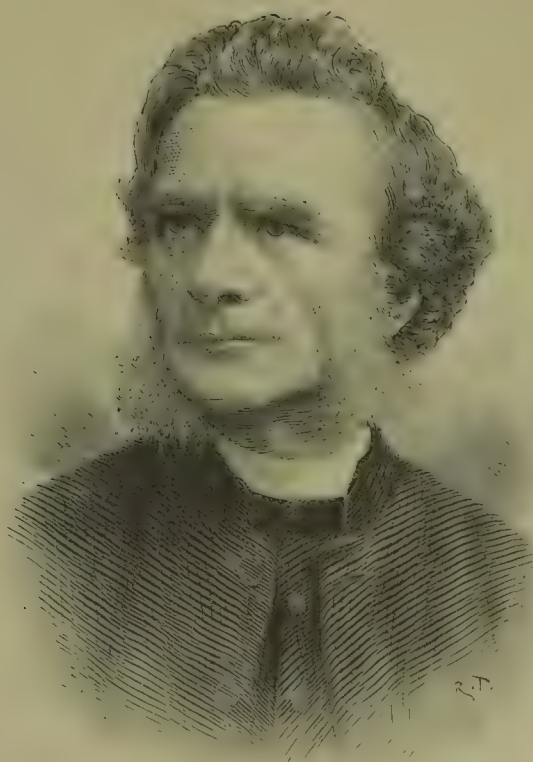


CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

every minute on the pavement the actors in a dozen dramas more thrilling and strange than the one he paid to see last night upon the stage. If he felt this, who can doubt that life would become intensely more significant and full of interest for him? Yet so it is. Every other passer-by one's elbow touches bears about with him a too real story of his own with a dramatic point in it somewhere, a cupboard skeleton to be discovered, if one has only the key to it, or imagination enough to find one. Look round! Do you see yonder tall, slender, kindly faced man running his fingers thoughtfully through his thin black beard as he hurries on? Do you know why his coat is a trifle shabbier than it might be, his hat somewhat less glossy, and his boots a little more worn than custom usually allows? Does it tax imagination to be told that he has an invalid daughter at home whom his life-struggle for years has been to leave some provision for? That yesterday, in the face of a declining business, he sacrificed the entire savings of these years, and more, to clear the name of his foolish, mother-spoiled son on the Stock Exchange; and



MR. H. J. C. CUST,
M.P. FOR THE STAMFORD AND BOURNE DIVISION OF LINCOLNSHIRE.



THE RIGHT REV. B. F. WESTCOTT, D.D.,
THE NEW BISHOP OF DURHAM.

THE NEW BISHOP OF DURHAM.

The Bishopric of Durham, left vacant by the death of the Right Rev. Dr. Lightfoot, has been conferred on another very eminent New Testament Greek scholar and orthodox theologian, the Rev. Canon Westcott, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge, having long been esteemed one of the most learned students and teachers of Biblical criticism among the Church of England clergy.

Dr. Brooke Foss Westcott was born near Birmingham in January 1825, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he was a Scholar and a Fellow. In 1848 he took his degree with high honours, in the first class of the Classical Tripos (bracketed first with Dr. Scott, afterwards Head Master of Westminster School), and as a wrangler in the Mathematical Tripos; he was also second Chancellor's Medallist, and twice won the Browne Medal for a Greek Ode, and the prize for a Latin essay; he also won the Norrisian Prize. He became an assistant master in Harrow School in 1852, under the Rev. Dr. Vaughan, now Master of the Temple and Dean of Llandaff,

and held that post till 1869, under the Rev. Dr. Butler. In 1868 he became Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Peterborough; and, on leaving Harrow, was made a Canon of Peterborough Cathedral. Having, in 1870, taken his degree of D.D., he was elected Regius Professor of Divinity before the end of that year. He was afterwards appointed one of the Queen's chaplains.

As one of the Company of Revisers of the Authorised Version of the New Testament, and further in special labours of textual criticism shared by the Hulsean Professor, the Rev. Dr. Hort, the services of Dr. Westcott to Scriptural correctness are highly valued. He contributed also to "The Speaker's Commentary" and to the "Dictionary of the Bible"; but one of his most important original works is that published in 1855, "History of the Canon of the New Testament." Other useful treatises are his "History of the English Bible" and "Introduction to the Study of the Gospels," besides many published sermons or lectures on religious subjects.

The Portrait of Bishop Westcott is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker-street.

MR. H. J. C. CUST, M.P.

The election for the Stamford and Bourne Division of Lincolnshire, the seat vacated by Mr. J. C. Lawrance on his appointment to be a Judge, resulted at the polling, on Friday, March 7, in the return of Mr. Cust, the Conservative candidate, by a majority of 282 over Mr. Arthur Priestley, the Gladstonian candidate.

Mr. Henry-John Cockayne Cust, of Cockayne Hatley, Bedfordshire, is the eldest son of the late Mr. Henry Francis Cockayne Cust, formerly M.P. for Grantham, by his marriage with Sarah Jane, daughter of the late Mr. Isaac Cookson, of Meldon Park, Northumberland. He is a cousin of Earl Brownlow, and belongs to a family that has frequently represented both Grantham and Lincolnshire. He was born in 1861, and was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took the usual degrees. He now enters Parliament for the first time.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. J. Bliss, of Grantham.



THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO AFTER THE FIRE.

The Rev. Frank George Hopwood of Winwick Hall, in the county of Lancaster, Honorary Canon of Chester Cathedral and for thirty-four years Rector of Winwick, on March aged seventy-nine. He was the younger son of the late Mr. Robert Gregge Hopwood of Hopwood Hall, Lancashire, by his wife, Cecilia, daughter of the fifth Viscount Torrington and married, in 1835, Lady Eleanor Mary Stanley, younger daughter of Edward, thirteenth Earl of Derby, K.G.



RAMBLING SKETCHES: NORMANDY.

It is a piece of Normandy, just over the noble estuary of the Seine, nearly opposite the good old towns of Havre-de-Grâce and Harfleur, and on the Channel shore, bounded westward by the Touques, the river of Lisieux and Pont l'Évêque, eastward by the Rille, which flows into the great estuary below Quillebœuf. Partly in the modern Department of Calvados, partly in the Eure, this district of Lower Normandy has many attractions of varied rural scenery, especially on the banks of the Touques, with fine wooded hills, inviting villages, picturesque châteaux and solid old farmhouses. The visitor may take his choice between Trouville, a bright, gay, fashionable place in the season—indeed, the most aristocratic of French watering-places—and Honfleur, an agreeable old town much frequented by quiet English families, and readily accessible from Southampton or Littlehampton. Trouville, as a health-resort in summer for jaded Parisians, has the

advantages of an open sea and free inhalation of the Atlantic breezes. The bourgeois merits of Honfleur are not to be despised; and there are grand views of the shores along the entrance to the Seine, by Harfleur, Tancarville, and Quillebœuf, fascinating to landscape and marine painters.

But our Rambling Artist has taken his walks inland, on the road from Trouville to Pont l'Évêque, and has found one of the most picturesque examples of an old Norman-French manor-house, built in the half-timbered style of the sixteenth century, for the subject of one of his Sketches. It is now used only as a farmhouse, yet the exterior retains its original features; the façade is very characteristic, and the barns and outbuildings have a peculiar quaintness. Returning to the seacoast, he inspected, at the village of Criquebœuf, a curious ancient church, covered with ivy, beside a still pond, with such an air of antiquity that we are reminded how the Dukes

of Normandy were Kings of England when that old church was built. One should go to Normandy and Picardy, not only for pleasant rambles and bits of artistic material, but for the study of much that belongs to our own ancestry and the foundation of this realm. It is a homely feeling that comes over the instructed Englishman, meditating on the past connection with that grand old country which our Plantagenet Kings again reconquered, and again lost, in the fifteenth-century wars that have left no traces of hostility in these happier times. The market-place at Honfleur, crowded with thriving, bargaining peasant folk dressed in a wonderful diversity of colours, is a bright and cheerful sight. We Londoners may breakfast daily on Honfleur eggs and butter, of which there is an immense importation. May there be peace and goodwill henceforth to the end of time between the opposite coasts of the Channel!



THE CHILDREN'S ORCHESTRA PERFORMING BEFORE THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR.

THE CHILDREN'S ORCHESTRA AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

The Queen and Princess Beatrice, at Windsor Castle, on Wednesday, March 12, received the pupils of an interesting musical institution. The Children's Orchestra, of which her Royal Highness the Duchess of Teck is president, arrived at the castle, and performed the following pieces of music in the drawing-room, under the direction of Mr. Percy Armytage, manager and conductor of the Orchestra:—

March	"Gail Save the Queen."	Percy Armytage
Valse	"St. George's"	Ivanovici
Trio (for Strings, Organ, and Piano)	"Donau Wellen"
Selection	"Largo"	Handel
Overture	"Faust"	Gounod
Minuet	"Bastien le Savoyard"	Metra
Intermezzo (for Strings)	"Samson"	Handel
Quick Step	"Loin du Bal"	Gillet
	"Hoch Hapsburg"	Kraal

We present an Illustration of the scene at this agreeable performance.

MUSIC.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

This time-honoured institution recently entered, at St. James's Hall, on its seventy-eighth season. Originally founded by a few of the principal London professors of the period, for the purpose of hearing the best instrumental music efficiently rendered (opportunities for which were rare at the time), the society gradually developed into an importance which has scarcely been equalled by any similar institution. Some of the greatest works of past masters and many of the most skilled executants have been introduced to the English public by the Philharmonic Society. Beethoven's *Leviathan* ninth ("Choral") symphony was first brought forward in this country by it: Weber, Mendelssohn, Spohr, and other great musicians have been personally associated with Philharmonic concerts, the career of which is a most important feature in the history of music in this country.

The concerts—originally held in the Argyll Rooms, in Regent-street (destroyed by fire in 1830)—were afterwards given in the Hanover-square Rooms (since converted into a clubhouse), and were again removed (in 1869) to St. James's Hall, where they have since taken place.

With the multiplicity of musical performances occurring in recent years some fluctuations in the prosperity of the Philharmonic Society have naturally ensued, but the last few seasons have brought something like a renewal of former success.

In earlier times there used to be changes of conductors at each concert; but in 1846 Sir Michael (then Mr.) Costa was appointed permanent conductor—a post which he held until 1855, to the advantage of the performances, which could never progress under the system of frequent shifting of conductors. In 1855 Richard Wagner accepted the conductorship, with anything but satisfactory results. He was succeeded, in the following year, by the late Sir Sterndale Bennett, who held the office until his resignation in 1866, when Mr. W. G. Cousins became the conductor. The office was afterwards made an honorary one, and was fulfilled by several gentlemen in turn. An important step was the appointment of Mr. Coven as permanent conductor, in which capacity he has proved, and is still proving, his entire fitness for the position.

A special feature in the programme of the opening concert of the new series was a fantasia for pianoforte and orchestra, composed by M. Widor, and performed for the first time in England. The work is vague and spasmodic in style and structure, a fact which may partly be excused by the title bestowed on it. There are occasional passages of grace and power, but the general effect is unsatisfactory, from the absence of anything like definite and coherent design. The pianoforte part was played with neat execution by M. Philipp, and the composer acted as conductor of his composition, in strong and agreeable contrast to which was an orchestral "suite" arranged by Mr. Coven from Grétry's ballet "*Céphale et Procris*." The piece consists of six movements in old and obsolete dance forms, each division being characterised by much quaint melodious grace. Number 4 (a "*Passepied*") pleased especially. In this and in the more elaborate overture of Weber's to "*The Ruler of the Spirits*," Dr. Mackenzie's characteristic overture entitled "*Twelfth Night*," and Mendelssohn's "*Scotch*" symphony, the orchestra, conducted by Mr. Coven, proved itself worthy of the high reputation of the society. The vocalist was M. Blauwaert, who sang, with much effect, an air from a secular cantata by Bach, and "*Wotan's Abschied*" from Wagner's "*Die Walküre*."

The Crystal Palace Concert of March 15 included Brahms's double concerto—for violin and violoncello—with orchestra, the solo portions assigned to Herr Joachim and M. Gillet. The work has previously been commented on in reference to its performance elsewhere. Miss Whitacre was the vocalist at the concert of March 15.

The last of the morning "London Ballad Concerts" of Mr. John Boosey at St. James's Hall was organised for March 12, and the final evening concert of the season for March 19, the programme in each instance having presented the usual strong and varied attractions.

The afternoon Popular Concert at St. James's Hall on March 15 included admirable pianoforte performances by that excellent artist Madame Backer-Gründahl—Madame Néruda having been the leading and solo violinist, and Mrs. Henschel the vocalist. The lady pianist was announced again for the evening concert of the following Monday, at which Herr Joachim was to resume his position as leading violinist.

The concert recently organised at St. James's Hall in aid of the Arabella Goddard Testamentary Fund was promoted by Mlle. Janotha, the eminent pianist, who thus testified her goodwill towards a lady who long occupied a similar position, having been before the London public in that capacity for very many years, besides having obtained renown in the provinces, on the Continent, and in America. With the Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall she was early associated. On the retirement of Madame Goddard from her public career, it was an appropriate and graceful recognition of the high position she had so long occupied to give a concert, at which several of the most eminent vocalists and instrumentalists of the day co-operated, including the lady by whom the concert was organised. The programme included her association with Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti in Beethoven's triple concerto for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—a work that is not among the composer's best productions, and that has not been very frequently performed. Each of the three executants just named was also heard in solo pieces, and Mlle. Janotha played Mendelssohn's first pianoforte concerto; songs and ballads having been contributed by Mrs. M. Davies and Mrs. Henschel, Miss L. Lehmann, and Mesdames Redeker-Sémon, Sterling, and Patey. The Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, conducted by Mr. G. Mount, gave valuable co-operation in the concert.

Another concert that necessarily remained over for present notice was that given by the students of the Royal College of

Music at Princes' Hall. The programme was such as offered strong proofs of the efficiency of the pupils, a prominent feature having been the skilful performance by Miss P. Fletcher of Brahms's second pianoforte concerto. Professor Stanford conducted the performances.

The attractive annual Irish Ballad Concert given at St. James's Hall on March 15, in anticipation of St. Patrick's Day, was followed by an Irish Festival Concert, which took place on the evening of the day itself, at the Royal Albert Hall. Several of our most eminent vocalists, and Mr. W. Carter's well-trained choir, were associated with a programme of a national character; the solo violinist, M. Tivadar Nachez, and the band of the Scots Guards having also been engaged for the occasion.—An Irish festival was given at the Royal Albert Hall on March 17, Madame Patey, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Foli being announced as vocalists.

The recent concert of the Westminster Orchestral Society put forth a programme strongly indicative of the progress made by the society during the past four seasons of its existence.

Recent announcements of concerts have included those of Mr. L. Forbes-Robinson; Miss F. May, a sterling classical pianist; the students of the Guildhall School of Music; Miss D. Hanbury, an infant vocalist; Mr. E. Wharton; and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Pertwee.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company will enter on a new London season, at Drury-Lane Theatre, on April 5. We gave some weeks ago an outline of the arrangements for the season recently terminated at the Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool; important features thereof being promised for repetition during the series of forthcoming performances in London. Prominent among the promised attractions are the English versions of Gounod's "*Roméo et Juliette*," Balfe's "*The Talisman*" (as originally composed), Bizet's "*Les Pêcheurs*," Meyerbeer's "*L'Etoile du Nord*," and Halévy's "*La Juive*"—all which were first given in English by the Carl Rosa Opera Company. A special event will be the first production of "*Thorgrim*," a new opera, the book (on a Scandinavian subject) written by Mr. Joseph Bennett, the music composed by Mr. Coven. The company comprises most of those artists who have for several seasons contributed to the excellence of the Carl Rosa Opera performances; and all the appointments are filled in a way to promise thorough efficiency.

Dr. Wylde died somewhat suddenly on March 13. He was born in 1822, and was at first intended for the Church; but his strong inclination for music caused his being placed as a student at the Royal Academy of Music, under Cipriani Potter. In 1850 he obtained, at Cambridge University, the degree of Doctor of Music, and, thirteen years later, was elected Professor of Music at the London Gresham College. The new Philharmonic Society was founded under his direction in 1852, and during many seasons some excellent concerts were given under the direction of Dr. Wylde. The London Academy of Music was founded, and St. George's Hall, Langham-place (its *locale*), was built by him in 1867; and he actively superintended its proceedings (in association with a large staff of eminent professors) until the period of his death. Dr. Wylde produced various compositions—some in the most important forms of the art. He also wrote some treatises on the theory and history of music, and recently a volume entitled "*The Evolution of the Beautiful in Sound*."

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Two songs, recently issued by Messrs. Ricordi and Co., will be welcome to vocalists. "*La Serenata*" is a setting, by F. P. Tosti, of words by G. A. Cesario, which are given, together with an English text from the accomplished hand of Theo Marzials. The voice part is smooth, flowing, and graceful, as a serenade should be. The other song is "*It is for you to say*," by L. Denza. The melody, if not particularly original, lies well for a voice of moderate compass, and lends itself well to expressive interpretation. Six romances for the pianoforte, by C. Albanesi (from the same publishers), are very graceful pieces, in the style of "*Songs Without Words*." The form has been somewhat overwrought of late, but these examples of it are free from conventional commonplace.

Three songs, composed by Emily W. Hunter, may be commended to vocalists who are content with flowing and pleasing melodies, that lie well for the voice, and offer no difficulty to the singer. Their titles are "*'Tis Not To Be*," "*The Lad That's Away*" (words of both by Edward Oxenford), and "*The Bridal Vow*" (words by C. Jefferys). Messrs. W. Morley and Co. are the publishers.

The possibility of producing music that is replete with intrinsic interest, while yet being within the means of accomplishment by young and immature performers, is notably evidenced in several publications for the pianoforte recently issued by Mr. E. Ashdown, of Hanover-square. A series of six duets, composed by S. Jadassohn, is entitled "*The Easiest Pieces*." These are certainly within the reach of the merest beginners, yet, simple as they are, replete with melodious charm. The composer has produced works of an elaborate and important kind, which are well known and esteemed in Germany, although ignored in this country. For pianists of a somewhat advanced order, fifteen studies, entitled "*Parallel-Studien*," may be highly commended. They are the composition of Herr L. Köhler, who has written a large quantity of pianoforte music of great merit, his productiveness being evidenced by the opus number of these studies—160. They are intended to be used in conjunction with the celebrated studies of John Cramer. In Herr Köhler's work various forms of passages, of past and present schools, are presented through the different keys, in a way that is both improving and interesting. "*Entends ma Prière*" is the title of a "*Rhapsodie*" for the pianoforte, composed by Fritz Spindler, published by Mr. Ashdown. Perhaps "*Nocturne*" would have been a more appropriate title, but, however that may be, the piece has much melodious charm, with some bright passage-writing surrounding the principal theme.

"*Una Lezione di Canto*" comprises a series of instructive remarks and practical exercises, calculated to improve the student of vocalisation in the production of the voice and the execution of passages of various kinds. The instructive comments are sensible and based on good experience; and the vocal examples are well calculated to promote executive skill. The work is published by the author, Signor E. Bonetti, who has recently been delivering some interesting lectures on the subject, with practical illustrations.

"*Crossing the Bar*" is a song, by Mr. A. Cellier, who has set the words of Lord Tennyson to some charming vocal strains, the flowing cantabile style of which is very effectively contrasted by an accompaniment in which there are much life and movement. Messrs. Metzler and Co. are the publishers.

"*The Grosvenor Album*" is a shilling serial, published by Messrs. J. and J. Hopkinson. The variety of its contents may be judged from the fact that one of the recent numbers consists of six songs by more or less well-known composers of the day, another issue comprising songs and pieces for the banjo.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

DEGENERATION.

Assuming that we live in a world of progress, it comes like a shock of cold water upon us to have it affirmed and proved that we are largely the creatures of degeneration. It is not in any sense pleasant, from the popular standpoint, to be told that degeneration—or, in other words, physiological backsliding—is responsible at once for a good deal of excellent work in the way of wiping out of existence things that are of no use, and also for advancing in the world things which are serviceable to life at large. The fact is that people, as a rule, do not take a sufficiently wide view of life and its conditions. So long as everything goes smoothly and sweetly, we do not trouble ourselves about the direction of the vital current. We assume that all is well with us, and that life is progressing and improving all round. Then Science steps in with its uncompromising voice to warn us that we are living in a fool's paradise if we expect everything to go right and nothing to go wrong. Life, says Science, exists in a threefold state. There is, first of all, the state of equilibrium. Here the living being neither advances nor retrogresses. It remains *in statu quo*. There is no tendency to change, because its environment does not encourage alteration, and because its own constitution does not favour advance or backsliding. A chalk-animalcule in the depths of the sea or on the surface of the ocean can be proved to be identical with its ancestors ages and ages ago. The *Globigerina* you find fossilised in the chalk rocks is identical with the living animalcule you find alive in the ocean to-day. This is vital equilibrium. There has been no desire, tendency, or incentive to change; and so chalk-life remains passive and unaltered.

But progress is also a fact of life. This is an undeniable truism. That many animals and plants have advanced from low degree to high estate is not to be questioned. We have tailed frogs advanced into tailless ones; we have tailed lobsters becoming tailless crabs; we see, in every class of animals, low forms aspiring successfully to a higher level; and all this advance is proved to be real by the life-histories of the animals themselves. A creature which begins life as a mere speck of living matter, and which advances onwards to the full perfection of structural complexity, must needs show advance, otherwise the facts of nature are only blind guides, and all study of living things is in vain. What would human life be for any one of us, if we had reason to doubt the fact of advance as a factor in our organisation? We bargain with our vitality, on the understanding that "getting on in the world" is an aim to be sought after and pursued. Morally, this idea forms the foundation of all progress. "From strength to strength they go unwearyed" is a poetic rendering of an axiom that seeks to animate us in our strivings after the best and the noblest ideals. In respect of these mere physical frames of ours, and as regards the material belongings of all animals and plants, the idea of progress is just as real as is the phase of mental and moral advance in man.

But if equilibrium and advance are realities of life, no less so is degeneration a factor in the vital mechanism. There is such a thing as retrogression; and backsliding, in a vital sense, is as real as retrogression from the moral side. There are, however, two phases of this degeneration which it behoves us to consider. First of all, an animal or plant may lapse backwards as a whole. It may go down the hill of life, and remain at a stage infinitely lower than that at which it originally rested. If we think of the races of "parasites," we may see this state of matters fully illustrated. A "parasite" is a being which is dependent on another being for lodging alone, or for board and lodging, as the case may be. An animal sinks low in the scale; it finds an agreeable release from its responsibilities in the support of another animal; it attaches itself as a guest to its host; and it forthwith becomes a parasite. In the case of plants we see the same law exemplified. The mistletoe and the dodder, claiming support from other plants, illustrate parasitism fairly well. They may make part of their own food, or they may be entirely dependent on their hosts; but sooner or later they show us how plant-life, like animal existence, sinks to the lower levels just as it rises to the higher phases of vitality.

Degeneration operates very forcibly in the case of the parasites. For, with whatever structures they may begin existence (and many of them possess eyes, digestive organs, legs, and feelers in the days of their youth), degeneration lops off the structures which are useless in their attached state, and reduces the parasite to the rank of the groundlings of life. Plants which are thoroughly parasitic have their leaves degenerated off by the law of disuse. Animals which began life with eyes and organs of movement and of digestion soon lose these possessions, and sink to the low level of mere pulsating sacs or semi-structureless organisms. This is the work of degeneration in its most typical fashion. It is responsible for the degradation of animals and plants when they elect to follow a course of life other than that which includes the seeking for food on their own account, and the fighting of the battle of existence for themselves. We may thus see a crab-parasite, or a barnacle, beginning life as an active and free-swimming creature, possessing eyes, feelers, digestive organs, and other belongings of higher life. Later on, the promise of youth is not fulfilled. Eyes disappear, legs go by the board, and digestive organs vanish away—all made degenerate by use and wont, as useless parts in the history of a being which has renounced the higher life for the lower existence.

But degeneration accomplishes more than this. There is never a rise in the world without the casting off of things, parts, or ideas which belong to the lower estate. The parvenu in human society has not really risen. He bears, attached to him still, the phases of his former life. Until these phases are got rid of he cannot take rank among society of higher grade; and what is true of the parvenu in human life is true of all lower forms which aspire to reach higher levels. The old and useless parts, useful enough in lower life, have to be lopped off; degeneration accomplishes this. The incentive to the development of new organs and parts is afforded by the abolition of structures whose functions are in abeyance. Degeneration sees to it that such structures are no longer permitted to clog the energies of the aspiring organism. All throughout life we see this tendency to the repression of useless parts illustrated. There is scarcely a useless muscle or other structure in man (and there are plenty of examples of such) which has not been repressed by the kindly hand of degeneration as humanity has advanced in its development. The more closely we study living nature, including ourselves, the more clearly do we perceive how life advances through the repression of what is useless and the advance of what is useful. Putting off the old and assuming the new was an apostolic fashion of declaring how advance in moral life could be attained. Modern science only parallels this dictum when it maintains that degeneration, by abolishing what is lower and useless, acts as a factor in bringing living things to the enjoyment of the larger and the fuller life. ANDREW WILSON.

Dr. John Nugent, who has retired from the Chief Inspectorship of Lunatic Asylums in Ireland, after forty-three years' service, has been knighted.

THE PORTUGUESE IN EAST AFRICA.

Another Sketch, by Mr. Wallis Mackay, of the Portuguese station at Chilvane, an islet on the Mozambique coast, represents the signalling apparatus at Point Singane, erected to communicate with passing steamers, and the house of a gentleman, Senhor Pinto, who is seen carried home by four native servants in a hammock. He is a Portuguese political exile, banished from Europe these thirty years past; but our recollection of the many revolutionary attempts that have occurred in Portugal, since we used to hear so much of the factions of Dom Miguel and Dom Pedro, has become too faint to recognise the occasion of Senhor Pinto's offence against the Royal Government. Other stations on the East Coast of Africa are used as penal settlements by the Kingdom of Portugal; and many convicts, whose crimes were of a very different kind, have become Colonial officials, not much to the credit of that administration. The Portuguese Padre, or priest, attended by his young pupil, who figures in the remaining illustration of the settlement at Chilvane, would have enough to do in mending the morals of the European residents there.

THE LUSHAI EXPEDITION.

In addition to the Sketches by Lieutenant Cole, of the 3rd Goorkhas, illustrative of this military expedition in the highlands between the coast of the Bay of Bengal and Upper Burmah, we have received one from Captain Beverly Ussher, of the 7th Dragoon Guards, attached to the Expedition on special service. It was made while headquarters were at the fort of Lungleh; and it represents a neighbouring British post on the banks of the Matt River, below the Lushai village of Larkia, the chief of which, a man named Lallthuama, was arrested on Jan. 14, and brought in to Lungleh, under guard of a strong force of infantry. This Lushai chief has since been released, on payment of the fine imposed upon him for his violent and hostile actions. We also learn that Howsata's brothers have tendered their submission at Fort Lungleh. Brigadier Tregear demanded the immediate surrender of the captives and loot, and the heads of British subjects which they took in the last raid. The chiefs, Dohola and Vantura, who both were concerned in Lieutenant Stewart's death, now profess willingness to give every assistance in clearing the jungle along the line of march. The route of the northern column is being explored by the frontier police, under Mr. Daly. The neighbouring chiefs continue to maintain friendly relations, and send in large supplies of vegetables to the camp.

NOVELS.

An Ocean Tragedy. By W. Clark Russell. Three vols. (Chatto and Windus).—As the reading of sea-stories, no matter how strong the wind, how cross and high the waves, does not promote that disturbance of the stomach and liver which is vulgarly called sea-sickness, our imagination is never sick of those magnificent descriptions of the changeable moods of the Atlantic Ocean, and its splendid effects of light and atmospheric vapour, which the magical fancy of this fine word-painter, the literary Turner of seafaring novelists, conjures up with an accurate knowledge and verbal skill never yet surpassed. We are quite content with a tale in three volumes in the whole course of which there is not a bit of dry land, after the preliminary interview of two gentlemen at lodgings in Piccadilly, until they arrive in London again at the end of the voyage, except a small volcanic islet suddenly thrown up by a submarine eruption for the purpose of causing a shipwreck, and speedily submerged when the interesting persons have been got off in safety. Dry land, in fact, within the common range of domestic novelists, including the ordinary rural parish, the village, the parsonage, the Squire's or Earl's park and mansion, the roadside inn, the railway-station, the blacksmith's shop, post-office, and old mill, and the field-path leading to a copse, a quarry, or a pond, where somebody is to do a murder, begins to weary the reader of modern fiction. The country is well enough for a short period of repose, though its inhabitants would seem, from the portraiture of novelists, to be incomparably more vicious and wicked than any people we ever meet in London. It affords facilities of shooting, fox-hunting, and trout-fishing, which allow the gallant hero and his rival to show off their manly accomplishments, winning the favour of the ladies. But one becomes so familiar with the meadows, the woods, and the moors, the churchyard with its yews, the avenue of oaks or elms, and the garden with its lawn and terrace, as to wish for some wilder scenery. Now, Mr. Clark Russell at once puts us on board of a smart sailing-vessel, brig, schooner, or barque, of two hundred tons, chartered or purchased for a yachting voyage, with two or three passengers, one of them a charming young lady, and with a trusty, queer, experienced old sailor of the merchant service, under the owner's eye, to navigate the beautiful craft. We slip down the Channel, admiring the cliffs of Kent and the Isle of Wight, feel the refreshing breeze in the Bay of Biscay, and proceed to the "Roaring Forties," the Tropics, the Trade Winds, and the Equatorial Calms, sure of plenty of exciting changes. Are there not the alternations of sunrise and sunset, the gathering of clouds and mists, the varying colours of the sea, the shifting of the winds, the rising of gales, tremendous hurricanes, thunderstorms, hailstorms, and in milder weather the lovely appearance of low crested billows, swirling streaks of foam at the bows, a long trail of gleaming whiteness in the wake, and phosphoric glitter at night on the heaving expanse of deep water? Is there not a great deal of urgent nautical business, really interesting to the passengers, hauling at this or that, setting or reefing sails, going on one tack or the other, porting or starboarding the helm, consulting the compass and the chart, observing the latitude, reckoning the speed, and other needful operations mysterious to landmen? But Mr. Clark Russell usually gets the narrative told by a passenger who, like Mr. Charles Monson in the present instance, has previously acquired some knowledge of practical seamanship; and we confidently rely upon the correctness of all these details, as well as on the truth of his pictures of ocean and cloud scenery.

A romance, indeed, on land or sea, wants something more; the dramatic play of human characters and passions in a pathetic situation; love and hate, grief, anger, pride, scorn, remorse, shame, pity, resolve, hope, terror, disappointment, forgiveness, reconciliation, atonement, which are infinitely grander than all the physical disturbances of the Atlantic. Well, there is plenty of such emotions in "The Ocean Tragedy." Sir Wilfrid Monson, the owner of the schooner-yacht *Bride*, sails in pursuit of his wife, who has run away with Colonel Hope-Kennedy, in another yacht, the *Shark*, bound at first for

Capetown. The baronet, a man of generous, affectionate, and noble disposition, but with an inherited tendency to insanity, is accompanied in this chase by his wife's sister, Miss Laura Jennings, and his cousin, Mr. Charles Monson, who soon find cause for grave anxiety concerning Sir Wilfrid's state of mind. As the *Shark* has five days' start of them, it seems unlikely that the *Bride*, though a faster sailing-vessel, should catch the guilty couple. But the injured husband will listen to no remonstrance; he has an eighteen-pounder gun on board, and will force the *Shark* to lie to, wherever he finds her. An incessant look-out is kept by a sailor on the foretop-gallant yard, and every ship they meet is hailed and questioned to ask whether such a craft as the *Shark* has been sighted. The servants and the crew are well aware of the singular errand of this voyage. Their minds are disturbed by sinister omens, by the accidental death of a Portuguese seaman, drowned from a boat which was inadvertently sunk by a shot from the *Bride's* gun, and by falling in with a ghastly water-logged drifting vessel, containing dead men who had perished of thirst. A cowardly traitor named Muffin, Sir Wilfrid's valet and butler, who is a cunning ventriloquist and writes menacing inscriptions with phosphorus in his master's cabin, seeking to compel them to return homeward, aggravates the superstitious fears of all on board, until he is detected and punished. After a terrific storm off the coast of Brazil, the yacht is hailed by a ship laden with guano, which has rescued a lady and gentleman found at sea in a boat escaped from the wreck of their own vessel in the storm. It will readily be conjectured that these persons are Lady Monson and Colonel Hope-Kennedy, the *Shark* having been destroyed by the recent tempest. Sir Wilfrid, Mr. Charles Monson, Miss Jennings, and Captain Finn, the sailing-master of the *Bride*, going on board the unsavoury guano-ship, whose captain only wants to get rid of his passengers, the object of the

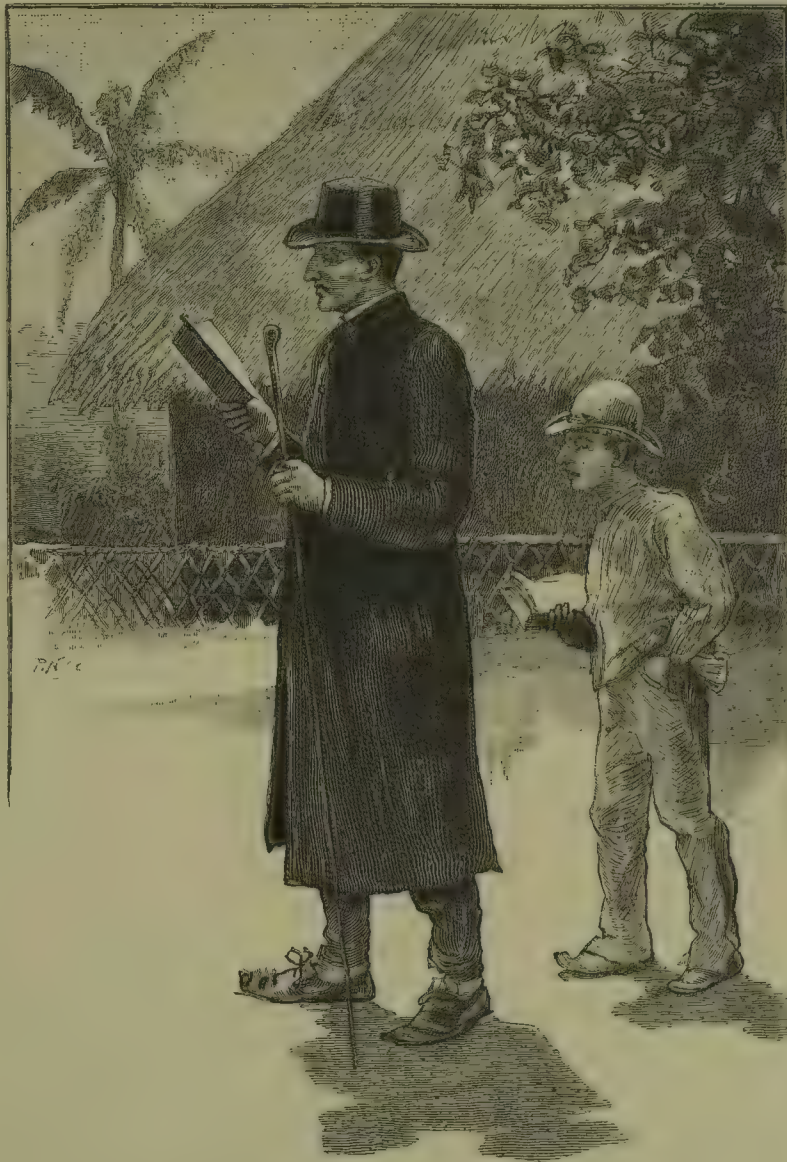
natural productions, still more wonderful and beautiful, may exist in the ocean, but could not be assembled in the sunken hull of a single vessel. Another manifest error of fancy is the idea of two human skeletons remaining complete in an erect attitude, with the arm of one embracing the other; surely the bones would have lain scattered on the floor. The frozen pirate, sealed up for ages in the ice of Cape Horn, who was revived by a medicinal potion to become a living man once more, is not a more puerile invention. Mr. Clark Russell is so good an author, and has such a mastery of describing the facts of nature which he has actually observed, besides the faculty of representing genuine passions, humours, and actions of men and women, that we regret his occasional vagaries in the preternatural domain.

Lady Baby. By Dorothea Gerard. Three vols. (Blackwood and Sons).—Notwithstanding the freshness and force of imagination, the powerful description of scenes and personal interviews, and the persuasive style, which are the literary merits of this story, it fails to satisfy the demand for worthy characters and for adequate motives of action. If the young lady, a girl of seventeen, Lady Frances, daughter of the Earl of Kippendale, whose nursery or family pet name gives a title to the novel, is to be invested with the dignity of heroine, we feel it a duty to protest. Her conduct is not properly childish, maidenly, or womanly; and merely to say that she is pretty, with fair hair and big blue eyes, that she is fond of riding, and has been much indulged and flattered, does not amount to a strong claim on our regard. Two gentlemen—Sir Peter Wyndhurst, a wealthy and high-minded baronet who cares for Art and Nature, but does not like field-sports, and Mr. Laurence Carbury, a blasé egotist who is vain of his own graces and accomplishments—fall in love with "Lady Baby" at her father's country house in Scotland. Sir Peter, a quiet, modest, unassuming man, with plenty of courage, follows the other in a dangerous leap while fox-hunting, and breaks a bone. He is laid up at the Earl's house, and the girl becomes tenderly engaged to him, with the glad consent of her family. But he is, though faithful and true, somewhat undemonstrative, and averse to romantic professions. This calmness of temperament gives offence to Lady Frances; and she abruptly, indeed harshly and cruelly, breaks off the engagement, setting herself to provoke his jealousy by a pretended flirtation with his rival. A girl of that age who could be guilty of such behaviour, from sheer pique and silly pride, to a sincere and noble-spirited lover, would not be deserving of esteem. Her treatment of Carbury also seems intolerably perfidious and insolent, for she rudely dismisses him when he has served her purpose of driving away Sir Peter, and leaves him with the humiliating sense of being played with and befooled. None of the Kippendale household are persons who claim any particular esteem; and their sudden loss of fortune by a disaster in the copper-mine, obliging them to dwell in comparative poverty at a dismal place on the coast of Choughshire (probably Cornwall), does not much excite our sympathy. The most efficient and original character is that of Miss Maud Epperton, a fascinating, clever adventuress who has, by crafty wiles, gained a place in fashionable society, and who is unscrupulously intent on catching a rich husband. As Mr. Carbury is not rich, and is perfectly aware of her situation and her designs, she aims at other game, making a sort of tacit compact with him for the mutual furtherance of their respective intrigues. Her first attempt is to ensnare Lord Germaine, the foolish but honest son and heir of Lord Kippendale; but, when his Lordship is supposed to be ruined by the mining disaster, she endeavours to captivate Sir Peter, who has an estate of £20,000 or £30,000 a year. With this view, she cunningly practises, under the cover of an intimate friendship with Lady Frances, to keep up the estrangement between the couple lately betrothed and parted, and to renew Mr. Carbury's hopes of winning the capricious girl after all.

The scene changes to the dull seaside village of Floundershayle, to the Earl's forlorn retreat of Gullyscombe, hard by there, and to the abandoned copper-mine, which his surveyors and engineers are inspecting with little hope of working them again. Maud Epperton, who is so clever in everything, discovers in a lone cottage, under a false name, one Christopher Swan, now a shoemaker, formerly a miner, who possesses the secret of a rich vein of ore in a neglected part of the ancient workings. This knowledge, which would make Lord Kippendale as rich as he was before, is presently imparted to Mr. Carbury; and he uses it, as Miss Epperton intends, to persuade Lady Frances to marry him, Sir Peter being away yachting on the shores of Norway. But "Lady Baby," to give her once more that childish name, is at any rate not sordid and mercenary: she cannot become Mr. Carbury's wife. That gentleman is speedily laid low with a fever which infects the village: she calls on his mother, who comes to nurse him, and she feels deep remorse for having trifled with his affection. He dies; and then she has to give a final answer to Sir Peter, who has now arrived at Floundershayle, his little brother also being there with the fever in danger of life, under Miss Epperton's care. The distress of "Lady Baby" is now so manifestly pathetic that Miss Epperton, who has been a very wicked woman, is suddenly converted, by sympathy for this girl, and by a perception of her own baseness, into one of the most amazing examples of self-sacrifice ever shown in fiction. It is not enough for her conscience to assure Sir Peter that the girl loves him and is willing to marry him; she must needs inform him, quite gratuitously, as it seems to us, and to the extreme humiliation of her womanhood, that she had herself wanted to marry him, and had acted treacherously and falsely to gain that end. We should think this behaviour impossible; but, if the authoress must be presumed to know better of what her sex is capable, we may at least, on our side, express the opinion that no man with the feelings of a gentleman could listen to such a degrading confession from any lady. It is certainly not requisite in order to bring about the happy conclusion of the tale.

The London Temperance Hospital has received £5000 on account of its share of residue under the trust deed executed by the late Mr. George Sturge, of Sydenham-hill.

At the annual meeting of the Charity Organisation Society a resolution was adopted urging the Government to appoint a Royal Commission or Select Committee of the House of Lords to make inquiry in regard to the financial and general management and common organisation of medical institutions, endowed and voluntary, and in regard to the administration of Poor-law institutions for the aid of the sick in the Metropolis, and to make recommendations thereon.



PORTUGUESE IN EAST AFRICA: PADRE AND PUPIL, ISLAND OF CHILVANE.
SKETCH BY MR. WALLIS MACKAY.

voyage is gained. Lady Monson resists, but is carried fainting on board her husband's yacht; the Colonel and Sir Wilfrid fight a duel with pistols on the quarterdeck, and the Colonel is fairly shot dead. All these striking incidents are narrated with so much dramatic power, so well harmonised with surrounding influences, and one is so impressed by the morbid intensity of Sir Wilfrid's passions—his fierce desire of revenge on the seducer, and his compassion for a wife still dear to him, though she hates and despises and savagely insults him—that the sentiment of moral tragedy is strongly evoked.

But the remainder of this story does not, in our judgment, preserve the same kind of interest in an equal degree. It has the fault which was conspicuous in "The Frozen Pirate"—that of misdirected fancy conjuring up marine marvels which could not, so far as we know, possibly exist, with some details as false to nature as those of Mr. Rider Haggard's subterranean region in the centre of the African continent. That a diminutive island of lava or pumice-stone, the summit of a submarine volcano, may arise from the sea, at a great distance from any other land, and may soon afterwards disappear, is unquestionably true; and it is barely conceivable that this might lift up the hull of an old ship which went to the bottom a hundred and fifty years before. Yet would not this rather be consumed by the volcanic heat? We have also learnt from deep-sea explorations, of late, that a few simple forms of vegetable and animal life actually exist at immense depths in the ocean; but a very little study will apprise the reader that there are distinct strata of sea-water, at different depths, more or less removed from the light and atmosphere, and with different temperature, density, and chemical quality, appropriate to the successive kinds of organic growth. It is, therefore, impossible that the ancient Spanish galleon, which had lain, during a century and a half, thousands of fathoms below the surface of the Atlantic, could have displayed that amazing diversity of shells and seaweeds and corals, and all other marine curiosities, which exhausts the picturesque ingenuity of Mr. Clark Russell, and the unscientific vocabulary at his command. All such things, and hundreds of other



THE PORTUGUESE IN EAST AFRICA: SIGNALLING POST FOR STEAMERS, AND SENHOR PINTO'S HOUSE, CHILVANE.

SKETCH BY MR. WALLIS MACKAY.



THE LUSHAI EXPEDITION: THE VILLAGE OF LARKIA.



JULIUS. M. P. 38

THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

The members of the Institute are well advised in opening their annual exhibition before the distractions of the London art-season become too perplexing for the ordinary picture-lover. The display, too, of the present year shows that quality rather than quantity has been the uppermost thought in the minds of the hanging committee, whose work throughout has been carefully and judiciously discharged. A survey, however, of the three galleries only strengthens the view already and repeatedly expressed in these columns, that the present condition either of art-patronage or of art-study tends to the raising of the general standard of technical skill rather than to the development of special talent. The old favourites remain very much as they were and where they were ten years ago; while the younger aspirants are satisfied with a standard which meets with the approbation of their elders and of their patrons.

Between the comparatively youthful president, Sir J. D. Linton, and the veteran vice-president, Mr. Henry Hine, the honours of the present exhibition will be awarded to the claims of age. From the former there are three portrait studies—Miss Ashbee (16), in a simple reddish dress; "Chloris" (372), a seated figure turning over the back of her chair to face the spectator; and a more ornate figure, "Waiting" (441). Except as additional proofs of Sir J. Linton's powers in reproducing drapery of every texture and in solid painting, these three figures have little interest. Mr. Hine, on the other hand, seems never to lose his touch with nature, and to find in nearing his eightieth year fresh inspirations and subjects worthy of his brush. His greatest work in all senses is the fine view of "Fittleworth Common" (317), a fine expanse of open and broken country on this side of the Sussex Downs; and this style of work he repeats in a lesser form in the "View near Harting" (379), in which his love of old English homesteads and their surroundings is well brought to the front. Mr. Keeley Halswelle, if not always a pleasing painter, is seldom wanting in vigour and force, and his "St. Albans" (21) and "Royal Windsor" (245), taken apparently from a punt moored above the town, are excellent specimens of his more sombre style. It is unpleasantly true that our summers are often cold and grey; but Mr. Halswelle need not insist so strongly upon the fact. We instinctively turn to Mr. Yeend King with his bright colours and blazing green herbage and



"A CORNER OF THE FISH MARKET."—W. H. PIKE.

IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

effective broken light, is as clever a bit of Scotch work as there is in the rooms, and his power of rendering brighter skies is shown in his "Downs above Arundel" (113)—a district

becoming more and more appreciated by artists, as we infer from the number of subjects which the valley of the Arun supplies. Mr. J. Curnock Jackson is always at home in the "Lledr Valley" (108), but he shows to his best advantage in the "Deganwy Shore" (398), where the loose-lying sand and its outcropping sedge are remarkable instances of "texture" painting. Close by hangs an unpretentious study by Miss F. Armstrong of an old churchyard where our "rude forefathers" "Rest from their Labours" (393)—recalling a neglected but picturesque spot in Oxford, behind St. Edmund's Hall. The motive of the picture is simple enough, but it is carefully worked out; and the same may be said of other Oxford studies by M. Jules Lessore, and the "Dining-Hall of Christ Church" (299), on which Miss Vaughan Jenkins has bestowed vast pains. Mention should also be made of "Bishop Gower's Palace" (39), by Mr. C. R. Aston, a noble pile of ruins; of the "Bass Rock" (105), by Mr. J. W. Whymper, standing out grey and gaunt amid the still water; "Arricia" (133), by Mr. Charles Earle, a pile of picturesque buildings grouped on a hillside near Rome; Mr. J. Orrock's "Essex Common" (184) and a "Breezy Day" (705), painted in the good old David Cox style, strong in colour and full of wind; Miss Rose Barton's "Isthmian Club" (238), a poetical yet truthful rendering of one of the most recent additions to our street architecture; Mr. Fred Cotman's "St. Ives" (283), picturesquely seated on the Ouse; Mr. R. B. Nisbet's "View in Surrey" (279), with its excessively clever sky effect, one of the most promising works in the exhibition; Mr. Harry Hine's "Evening at Lincoln" (391), and the still finer rendering of the Cathedral (776), which ranks among the most splendid of our English fanes. Miss Mildred Butler's "Coming Home" (446), a study of cattle returning on an autumn evening; Mr. John Richardson's "First Snow of Autumn" (472); Miss Kate Coates's "Through the Snow" (514); Mr. Anderson Hague's "Baiting the Hook" (528) and "January at the Marl" (537); Mr. E. M. Wimperis's "Winding River" (594), of which the trees in the foreground are especially excellent; Mr. Joseph Knight's "Sheltered Vale" (639); and Mr. Bernard Evans's "Byland Abbey" (545) and "Rievaulx Abbey" (685), although scarcely literal transcripts of nature, are among the pictures which arrest the eye and deserve attention.

We have not at present touched upon the figure-subjects, of which there is an abundant sprinkling; although it has been held by many that landscape was the style to which English water-colour painting owes its distinctive pre-eminence. We shall on a future occasion refer to the works of those artists who have with more or less success proved its adaptability to genre and figure-painting.



"DOVER ROADS."—EDWIN HAYES, R.H.A., R.I.

IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

foliage for a vigorous protest against the too well deserved libel, and it is interesting to notice the different spirit of these talented artists—as shown by a comparison of those above mentioned with Mr. Yeend King's "Travelling Tinkers" (429), "A Grey Day in August" (561), and "A Very Wet Day" (263), in all of which the disposition to be "jolly" under the most adverse circumstances is a distinctive feature. Mr. Arthur Severn is at his best a disappointment. He is always apparently on the point of achieving a real success, and only arrives at working out, a trifle more skilfully perhaps, ideas which have passed through his mind a dozen times before. In his view of "Coniston Lake" (83) and of the Coniston "Old Man" (375), spots with which he must be as familiar as with "La Salute" (334) at Venice, he seems to have been content with the outside view of hills and church—and to have left the poetry to the spectator. In his fine study of "Breaking Waves" (174) he reaches a higher level—for there is a grand swirl in the retreating water—albeit he misses the rich creaminess of waves upon a shingly beach. Mr. Edwin Hayes is at his best when depicting sea and sky, breezy and full of movement—and his "Dover Roads" (136) is quite up to the level of his best work; and Mr. Edward Hargitt's "Hoy" (536), as seen from the main island of Orkney, and Mr. A. W. Weedon's "Pagham" (699), a bit of the Sussex coast, are among the most interesting combinations of land and sea.

Of the landscapes, in the more restricted sense, the galleries show a goodly assortment; but there are not more than half a dozen which one would single out as illustrating a marked advance on the part of the painter. Mr. Edward Hargitt's best work, the wild stretch of moorland "Above Parkstone" (586), while truthfully rendering the poor uncultivated land of Dorsetshire, gives an unnecessary harshness to the scene; and Mr. Henry Bailey, whose name is less known, turns for inspiration for his "Breezy Downs" (319) to the earlier style of Turner, rather than to his later work. Mr. A. W. Weedon's "Glen Logan" (130), with its broken water and still more



"HAWKS DINNA PIKE OUT HAWKS' EEN."—J. C. DOLLMAN, R.I.

IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

MR. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, who is of Dutch ancestry, was born about fifty years ago, in the little town of Peekskill, in the State of New York. It was not long before he found his way to "the Empire City," where his talents were employed in many profitable enterprises. He has been an active politician and partisan all his life, and has enthusiastically upheld the supremacy of his native State. In one of his speeches he asserted that while the Puritan in the East, and the Cavalier in the South, wrested their lands by force from the original owners, the Dutchmen who settled on Manhattan Island, with true commercial integrity, purchased it of the Indians for twenty-four dollars. So they laid the foundation upon which has been reared "the mighty structure which forms the commercial, financial, and intellectual centre of the Republic." But let that pass. The city of New York is a marvel, certainly, of wealth and enterprise in the New World.

The Vanderbilts were valuable friends to Mr. Depew, and he was soon largely engaged in the development of the New York Central Railroad, of which he is now one of the most important officers. There can be no doubt that Mr. Depew's energy and sagacity have had a great deal to do with the prosperity and popularity of that railway. He is an unflagging worker, and every person connected with the New York Central, down to the humblest plate-layer and porter, is aware of the fact. He is bitterly opposed to the Government running railways, and was once heard to say that there were 600,000 men working in connection with railways in America, and that they were "a Republic in themselves."

Mr. Depew is in constant request to take the chair at meetings, or to make after-dinner speeches. For the latter he has a national reputation; and if he were to respond to a tenth of the invitations that are sent to him he would be speaking in public every day of the year. His speeches are admirably delivered, and, being illustrated with apt anecdotes, and amusing by their genial vein of sarcasm, they are hailed with delight. When it is known that Depew is to speak, the meeting or festivity gains in supporters. His stories are repeated in every State of the Union, and his stock of them seems inexhaustible. Someone expressed astonishment as to where he got all of his telling anecdotes; and it was explained that, when anybody heard or invented a good story, they said, "That will do for Chauncey," and sent it to him for his own use.

When Mr. Depew visits England, which he does almost every year, he is the guest of Lord Rosebery, who invariably asks Mr. Gladstone to meet the great American raconteur at dinner. Mr. Depew is a fervent admirer of the English statesman. When Mr. Henry Irving went to the United States in 1883, the Lotos Club gave him a brilliant reception. Mr. Depew welcomed the tragedian in an amusing speech, and told him "that he talked like an American"; remarking with truth that there is nothing better in the whole range of eloquence than that which refers to the relations in literature, science, and art between America and England. The Lotos Club, through Mr. Thomas W. Knox, also received Mr. Henry M. Stanley in November 1886. Mr. Depew was selected to welcome the illustrious traveller, which he did in an oration that excited great enthusiasm.

Indeed, Mr. Depew's speeches take a wide and versatile range: they have been addressed to Union League clubs, on the occasion of the unveiling of statues, to Chambers of Commerce, to centennial celebrations, to reunions of the army of the Potomac, to Yale alumni, at society festivals, to National Conventions, to Young Men's Christian Associations, to Psi Upsilon societies, and at banquets innumerable. He is never more earnest and eloquent than when he is speaking of the grandeur of the Republic, and the incorruptible integrity of its first President, George Washington. We understand that Mr. Depew's orations and after-dinner speeches have been collected, and will shortly be issued in book form by Messrs. Cassell and Co.

Mr. C. F. Gill, of the Middle Temple, has been appointed to the Recordership of the City of Chichester, vacant by the resignation of Mr. J. J. Johnson, Q.C.

The gold medal of the Royal Humane Society for the most deserving case of saving life last year has been unanimously awarded to William Meyer, the principal of fifteen silver medal recipients, for an act of courage at Singapore in March last.

"PULLING THROUGH."

"Yes, I think we may say he has turned the corner." "Doing quite as well as we can expect." "He is really on a fair way to recovery." "We shall pull him through." How welcome are these expressions of professional opinion! Never mind about their baldness of phraseology: they sound like the speech of angels in the ears to which they are addressed—sweet as one of Mendelssohn's Lieder, cheering as one of Handel's triumphal marches. Ah! what a blissful time it is when the doctor first ceases to regard you with a serious face, when a light passing touch of the pulse is substituted for the prolonged and anxious pressure which so often during the last three or four weeks he has applied to it! Three or four weeks? That is, as your nurses and watchers count it; as for yourself, you have taken no note of time. You have scarcely heeded the changes of day and night. The movement of the hands on the clock-face has

which you were so proud has departed more utterly than Samson's when he was treacherously shorn by Delilah. Yes, you have been sick nigh unto death; but now a pale smile hovers on the wan face of your wife, for "he has turned the corner, my dear Madam," says the bland physician, "and with care we shall pull him through."

And they *do* "pull you through." Day by day you feel the lost strength returning—slowly, very slowly, but not less surely. The throbbing in the veins ceases—the noise in the ears ceases—the tumult and worry of the brain ceases. You can raise yourself in your bed. You can sit up in it—with a buttress of pillars and cushions at your back. The children are allowed to glide in for a minute to "see Papa." You watch with new interest the coming of the dawn. Ah, what a beautiful, blessed thing it is—that slow rising of the light out of the vast silent darkness! What a sense of renewed vitality it brings! It is as if heaven's gates had been shut upon a despairing world, and then mercifully thrown open again, lest men's hearts should sink within them. Ah, with what a rush of gratitude you welcome the joy and freshness and promise of the day! At last you are permitted to leave your bed. An arm-chair, well-cushioned and screened, receives your attenuated form.

Yes, and there comes a morning when the daily paper is placed beside your chair, and you are told you may amuse yourself with it—for "a little while." You take it up with a strange sensation, for it reminds you that there is actually a world—and a big world too—outside your bed-room, which is not, as it has recently appeared to you, the centre of the universe: nor are you, as you have thought yourself, the pivot on which the whole planetary system rotates. As yet, however, the paper fails to interest you. What are revolutions in the West, or strikes in the East, to an invalid who can hardly stand on his feet without support? The great Ego is still your chief concern. Besides, reading makes you so curiously sleepy. Is it that the leaders are written in a soporific style, or that there is something specially sedative in the reports? Anyhow, you doze off gently, placidly, dreamlessly, and sleep for an hour or more—such a sleep! worth a king's ransom!—and wake up, feeling stronger, clearer, and better than you have felt for ever so long.

So they "pull you through." In a few days you are man enough to sit at the window; and then, oh, heavens! what sights you see—what sounds you hear! Hark! that full, rich, fluent melody, with its liquid turns and graceful modulations—you never, never heard anything so sweet before! Now your wife crosses the room, places her hand on your head, stoops and kisses you. "You dear old goose!" she says: "it's only a thrush!" Only a thrush! Why, to you it is the voice of a cherub; or a strain which by some lucky chance has found its way from celestial choirs into this earthly atmosphere of ours. And now another burst of song—a blackbird's—is wafted past; "piercing sweet," like the piping of the great god Pan, "down by the river." And next a chaffinch tries his notes; and half a dozen sweet voices rise and sink and rise again, and cross and melt into each other, lulling you into a reverie of delight, with which, in some wonderful, beautiful



AMERICAN CELEBRITIES: MR. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

had no meaning for you. The wing-beat of each passing hour has fallen upon an unconscious ear. You have been lying in that monotonous bed, with idle glance roving over the same ceiling and the same walls and the same mirror and the same table covered with the same phials and glasses, half aware at times of a stray sunbeam slipping in between the drawn curtains, but mostly falling off into disturbed slumbers which fantastic dreams have made a torture, only to start out of them and plunge into waking visions more fantastic still, and all this has been going on for what, so far as your knowledge extends, may have been a period of indefinite length—for months, it may have been, perhaps even for years. And now, quite suddenly as it seems, the maddening phantasmagoria has disappeared. You can recognise the faces around you. It is a puzzle at first why you should be lying there, when you have a dim, vague feeling that you ought to be at your desk or in your office; why strangers should be waiting upon you; why people move about with such distressing noiselessness; why you must be raised and held up while you take your food or medicine (ah! those detestable liquids!) But gradually your recollections shape themselves into a coherent form. You understand that you have been ill—very ill. You lift your hands, and are startled to find them so white and thin. You try to move in your bed, and perceive that the strength of

fashion, mingle the waving of green branches, the passage of swift shadows across the sward, the glow of golden sunshine, the sparkle of blue heavens, and the trailing of snowy clouds.

What a high day and holiday it is when you are first allowed out of doors! A saunter on the sunny terrace to begin with; then a walk round the garden; by-and-by, a drive; and finally, a valedictory visit from the doctor, and—"a week or two at the seaside." Oh, how good it is to sit on the sheltered beach, in the warmth of the noon, and watch the slow procession of the waters as, with rhythmic march, they surge up from the mysterious under-world! Oh, how good it is to trace the curving flight of the sea-birds, and to feel the briny breath of the seabreeze as it blows round the beacon-crested headland! By degrees you throw off that strange sensation of detachment or aloofness—as if you stood apart from the world, like an indifferent spectator at a show—which lingers about one after a long illness. By degrees you resume your old interests. You gradually renew the various associations and relations of life. So the day comes when you firmly set aside the over-caution of a loving anxiety, abandon the minute ordinances by which your movements have been regulated, and go forth into the battle-field with a thankful heart; for you have "turned the corner" and "pulled through."

W. H. D.-A.

MINOR ART EXHIBITIONS.

THE FRENCH GALLERY.

The distinctive title still retained by Messrs. Wallis's Gallery (Pall-mall East) seems more than ever misapplied when, as on the present occasion, it owes its attraction not only to German artists but to the courtesy and liberality of the National Galleries of Berlin, Hamburg, and Leipzig. There is, perhaps, no parallel case on record in which the directors of public collections have allowed any of their treasures to be exhibited in a foreign country by private enterprise; and we trust that this unwonted favour will be duly appreciated. To those who visited the Paris International Exhibition last year the names of Professors Fritz von Uhde and Max Liebermann are not unknown; but in the vast assemblage of works of art there brought together even the most distinctive could scarcely attract more than a passing glance. We therefore, owe a real debt of gratitude to Messrs. Wallis for procuring us the opportunity of studying at ease these remarkable products of modern German painting.

Fritz von Uhde began life by failure. He studied painting at the Dresden Gallery, but made so little progress that he abandoned it for army service, and as an officer in a cavalry regiment served through the Franco-Prussian War, holding his commission until 1877, when he finally decided to try his hand again at painting. After two years at Munich, he went to Paris, where he remained until 1882, submitting himself by turns to the influence of Munkacsy, of Rembrandt, of Dutch daily life, and of the modern French Impressionist schools. Of his earlier style, in which "impressionism" is frankly predominant, are such works as "Dutch Orphans" (70), "Plucking Geese" (47), and "My Children's Nursery" (52). It cannot be said that they stir our feelings very strongly, except as proofs of the artist's earnestness of purpose and carelessness of conventional beauty. In the "Holy Night" (76), however, a triptych, he touches a religious theme with freshness and a simplicity often bordering on the grotesque. But Von Uhde's real force was to be shown in works in which imagination played a more subordinate part. "The Last Supper" (61) and "Suffer little children to come unto me" (62) are episodes of the Bible history translated into the life of to-day. In the former, the disciples seated round the sparsely furnished table in a bare room, through the window of which one looks over the country, are men who have faced poverty and labour—peasants such as may be seen any day working in Saxon or Bavarian fields. The central figure of Christ, laying His hand on the flask of wine, is clothed with no special dignity or majesty: it is the face of an enthusiast, who has suffered, but who is not disheartened. In the other picture a similar treatment is observed. In a humble dwelling with a brick floor are gathered a number of children of the poorest class, in the midst of whom sits the Saviour, turning to each a face of compassion and addressing words of encouragement. Round the doorway is a group of parents, in attitudes of reverent wonder and devotion.

Max Liebermann is more matter-of-fact and more distinctly German than his Saxon confrère. Born at Berlin, he lived and studied art there until he had learnt enough to recognise his master's incapacity to teach him more, and then went on to Weimar, where, in 1873, he produced "The Geese-pickers" (47), a dark but powerfully drawn work, which attracted considerable attention. He next studied at Antwerp, and thence

went to France, and for a time worked with Millet at Barbizon, and then visited Holland, returning thither every summer for a few months. His connection with Munkacsy was comparatively slight, the Barbizon school having special attractions for him; and, in fact, many of his works, such as "The Dutch Orphans" (70) and "Mending Stockings" (77), distinctly suggest Bastien-Lepage, choosing his models from the Dutch instead of the French peasantry. His two most important works in the present exhibition are "Dutch Flax Spinners" (59), a scene inside a winding-shed, the women with their spindles and the boys seated at the drums; and "Women Mending Nets" (60), a vast expanse of grass spread over with fishing-nets, in which the ungraceful side of peasant life is almost unnecessarily emphasised. On the other hand, the vigorous painting, the fine sense of atmosphere, and the unflinching truthfulness of the scene force themselves upon admiration. In any case, the works of both the Saxon and the Prussian painter cannot be put aside without full recognition of the part each plays in contemporary art.

We have left ourselves but little space to speak of the other attractions of the French Gallery; but it should be mentioned that on the opposite wall to the pupils' works is a replica of the master—Munkacsy's *chef-d'œuvre*, "The Two Families" (34), painted at the time when he loved colour and decoration. It is in all respects a remarkable work, and its solidity is not its least merit, while the obvious ease and confidence with which it is painted explains his influence over so large a body of pupils and followers. Mention, too, should be made of Walther Firlé's "Orphan Sisters" (12), quite the best work exhibited by him in this country, and "The First Communion" (33), a less completely satisfactory production of the same artist. M. Adrien Demont's "Poppy Field" (19), Professor Von Bochmann's "Strand at Scheveningen" (11), and C. Seiler's humorous study of the "Buffet of a Tyrolean Railway Station" (29) are excellent examples of their respective masters; and M. Alfred Bramtot's "Departure of Tobias" (7) may be profitably studied by those who desire to appreciate the results of gaining the "Prix de Rome" at the French Ecole des Beaux Arts.

MESSRS. TOOTH AND SONS.

The spring exhibition at this gallery (5 and 6, Haymarket) recognises more fully than the winter display the claims of home artists to public attention. It is only fair to add that the home artists do much to justify this recognition. Mr. Frank Brangwyn's "Ye! Heave Ho!" (23) is a natural sequel to the work by which he won such well-earned praise at Burlington House last summer. Mr. B. W. Leader's "In the Merry Month of May" (6) is far less stiff and angular than many of his recent works; and he seems to have seized with sympathy the soft moisture-charged atmosphere of an early spring among the orchards; but in his "Towyn Sands" (70) the foreground is marred by the poor rendering of the loose sand. Mr. Keeley Halswelle's "Sonning on Thames" (72) suggests chilliness, rather than the close of a sultry day, unless the rising mist be supposed to convey the latter idea. Mr. Ernest Parton's "Silver Thames" (98) conveys more completely the rich mellow colours of its banks when steeped in midsummer sun. Mr. Briton Riviere's "Meeting" (46) and "Parting" (52)—scenes in the life of two dogs—are admirably drawn, with much quaint humour and appreciation of dog-life, but the colouring of both is rather weak. Mr. J. B. O'Neill's

"My Garden" (64) is an instance of the survival of a school of painting in vogue a quarter of a century ago.

The principal foreign picture is Munkacsy's "Stolen Interview" (88)—a girl at her embroidery-frame, surprised by her lover's appearance at the window. The figure of the seated girl is broadly and admirably painted, but, like its surroundings, in a low key of brown, which Munkacsy has adopted since he renounced his rainbow-palette. The lover is scarcely a type of manly beauty, judged by our standard; but he is undeniably well painted, and the picture will rank among the best of the artist's later style. Herr Discart's "Tangerine Cobbler" (7) is a marvel of careful workmanship; but it looks almost poor beside the simple figure of "The Smoker" (13), by M. De Fortuny, painted in the noonday of his powers. Signor Poveda's "First Communion" (19); P. Joanovitz's "Story of a Battle" (50)—a group of peasants in a Serb cottage; Binet's "Near St. Aubin" (66)—a fine view over the flat lands on the Franco-Belgian frontier; and Mr. Charles Ulrich's "For the Battle of Flowers" (24), a group of girls preparing bouquets, are among the most noteworthy—the last-named especially so, and fully sustaining the reputation earned by this clever American artist at the Paris Exhibition.

MR. MCLEAN'S GALLERY.

It can scarcely be said that the display here (7, Haymarket) calls for detailed notice. The *pièce de résistance* presumably is Mr. Orchardson's spacy picture, which bears the motto "If music be the food of love—play on" (24), which furnishes materials for a lady playing the piano and a gentleman seated on a somewhat uncomfortable chair. There is very little else in the room or in the picture, and, in order to make some effort to cover the canvas, everything—including the piano, the lady's neck and arms, the gentleman's legs, but not his breeches—has been elongated in a degree which is as repugnant to one's sense of anatomy as of cabinet-making. The colouring will be pronounced delicate or "acidulated" according as the greenish red of Mr. Orchardson's palette is regarded by the spectator. It is, of course, most cleverly drawn and painted, and full of the artist's peculiarities, but we can scarcely think it will rank among his successful works. On the sixty-four works in the room, the only four which really call for special remark are Herr Geza Vastagh's "Happy Family" (15), a group of lions crouching, in which the fur and mane as well as the pose have been carefully studied; Herr Bauernfeind's "Jaffa" (17), a brilliant Oriental street scene, full of colour and life; Mr. Edwin Ellis's "Squally Weather" (38), a remarkable study of waves rolling in upon the Cornish coast; and Mr. Louis B. Hurt's "Glen Sligachan" (31), in which he has come so near to the artist by whose work he is professedly inspired—Mr. Peter Graham—that the force of imitation can no further go. Mr. J. W. Godward, who is the most successful follower of Alma Tadema, shows that when he tries his hand upon life-size figures, as in "The Corner of a Roman Garden" (18), his strength of colour and outline becomes a stumbling-block, and gives no place for the eye to find rest. Mr. L'Hermite's "Gleaners" (23), a clever evening effect, Mr. J. S. Noble's "Otter Hunting" (31), and Mr. E. M. Wimperis's "Old Foot-bridge" (42) are not without merit, but scarcely call for special remark; while of foreign work Sig. Sartorio's "Lesbia Introducing Catullus to Ovid" (48) is, perhaps, the most brilliant and effective specimen.

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For Wills and Bequests, see page 378; Ladies' Column, page 380.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 31, 1884), with a codicil (dated July 14, 1885), of the Rev. Evelyn Hardolph Harcourt Vernon, Canon of Lincoln, late of 104, Cromwell-road, South Kensington, who died on Jan. 26 last, at Toronto, was proved on March 8 by Edward Evelyn Harcourt Vernon and the Rev. Algernon Hardolph Harcourt Vernon, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £213,000. The testator bequeaths £600, and all his furniture, plate, pictures, family portraits and medals, sculpture, works of art, effects, and consumable stores at 104, Cromwell-road, or any other residence he may have, to his wife, Mrs. Jane Catherine Harcourt Vernon; £1000 per annum to her, for life, and 104, Cromwell-road, during life or widowhood; £12,000 to his son Algernon Harcourt; £10,000 each to his sons Walter Granville and Herbert Evelyn; £15,000 each to his daughters Mrs. Mary Frances Ebsworth and Selina Jane; and £200 per annum to his daughter Frances Jessie. The gifts to children are in addition to certain advancements and amounts appointed to them by himself and wife under their marriage settlements. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves to his son Edward Evelyn Harcourt Vernon.

The will (dated Dec. 1, 1887) of Mr. James Pilkington, J.P., D.L., late of Swinithwaite Hall, Yorkshire, who died on Feb. 17 last, was proved on March 10 by Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Pilkington, the daughter, and George Augustus Pilkington, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £144,000. The testator gives £1000 each to the widow of his late friend James Stott, and to his housekeeper, Mary Rae; £50 to his housemaid Susan Martin, and £30 to his housemaid Alice Insley—all free of legacy duty. He bequeaths the residue of his personal estate and devises all his real estate to his daughter Mary Elizabeth Pilkington and his son-in-law George Augustus Pilkington, as joint tenants.

The will (dated March 13, 1886) of Mr. William James Ffarington, late of Woodvale, Northwood, Isle of Wight, who died on Jan. 24 last, was proved on March 5 by the Rev. William Hippiusley, George John Braikenridge, and Charles Brabazon Aylmer, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £78,000. The testator gives certain diamonds, &c., to his wife, Mrs. Emma Ffarington, for life, and then to his child who shall succeed to the Woodvale estate, to go therewith as heirlooms; his other jewellery, all his wines, liquors, horses, carriages, outdoor effects, and £2000 to his wife; his plate and plated articles to his wife, for life, and then to his eldest son; and the Woodvale estate, with the furniture and effects, to his wife, for life or widowhood, then to his son who shall first attain twenty-one, and if no son to his eldest daughter. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay £2000 per annum to his wife, and, subject thereto, for his children equally; but he

gives thereout a special legacy of £10,000 to his second son, or, if a daughter shall succeed to the Woodvale estate, a like sum to his second daughter.

The will (dated Feb. 15, 1889), with a codicil (dated May 2 following), of Mrs. Emily Pfeiffer, late of Mayfield, West Hill, Putney, who died on Jan. 23 last, was proved on March 11 by Mrs. Jemima Lamond, the sister, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £63,000. The testatrix, by her will, after bequeathing £500 to her said sister, sets out that her late husband left her all his property, having full confidence she would carry out his wishes in respect thereof, and she accordingly leaves all her property to be disposed of according to his wishes, as expressed in a letter dated Sept. 4, 1884, by which the bulk of his property is to be distributed among charitable and educational institutions for women only; and he states that he considers boys should be brought up to work, and not be born with silver spoons in their mouths, and should not have anything left them. By her codicil, the testatrix gives the residue of the proceeds of the sale of Mayfield, after payment of the bequests given by her late husband in the said letter of Sept. 4, 1884, to his brother, John Pfeiffer, and her sisters, Caroline Rocca and Jemima Lamond, and their shares, after they have enjoyed the same during life, are to revert to her niece, Emily Bertha Sophie Overweg. She also, by her codicil, leaves the whole of the property of her late husband invested in securities to be applied in the establishment and endowment of cottage homes for destitute girls (preferably orphans), to be called "Jürgen Edward Pfeiffer's Homes."

The will (dated June 18, 1889) of Mr. Henry Hunt, late of Lillington, Warwickshire, who died on Dec. 17 last, was proved on Feb. 21 by Francis Hunt, the son, Joseph Phillips, and Charles Valentine Knightley, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £37,000. The testator gives all his freehold and leasehold estates in the county of Middlesex, his estate known as Cranemore, Deeping St. James, Lincolnshire, and his interest in the residuary estate of his late brother Frederick, to his said son; £200 to his wife, Mrs. Eliza Hunt; £12,000, upon trust, for her, for life; £100 to his daughter, Mary Emily; £10,000, upon trust, for her, and a further £3000 on the death of his wife; his furniture, jewellery, effects, horses and carriages to be divided between his wife, son, and daughter; and £50 to each executor. The residue of his estate and effects he leaves to his said son.

The will (dated Dec. 20, 1888) of Mrs. Harriett Charlotte Ramsay, late of 46, Bryanston-square, who died on Dec. 13, at Florence, was proved on Feb. 28 by Claude Ashley Anson Penley and the Hon. Charles Maule Ramsay, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £36,000. The testatrix gives very numerous specific bequests of jewellery, &c., to her two daughters, and to others; and

£10,000, upon trust, for her daughter Harriett Charlotte Young. The residue of her property she leaves to, or upon trust, for her daughter Patricia Maule Leitenitz.

The will (dated Nov. 21, 1888) of Miss Jane Boyd, late of Addington House, Abbey Wood, Kent, who died on Dec. 17 last, was proved on Feb. 28 by Thomas Boyd and Alfred Boyd, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £23,000. The testatrix leaves £100 to her sister Sarah, £200 to each of her executors, and the residue of her estate, of whatever kind, to her sister Elizabeth.

The will (dated Oct. 27, 1887), with a codicil (dated April 3, 1889), of Mr. James Forster, late of Rutland Cottage, Brixton-hill, who died on Feb. 9 last, was proved on March 3 by Richard Jones and James Ward, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £17,000. The testator bequeaths £50 each to the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum, the Licensed Victuallers' Schools, the London Hospital, the Poplar Hospital, the City and Metropolitan Police Orphanage, and the Railway Servants' Benevolent Institution; and £50 each to the poor-boxes of the fourteen following police-courts—namely, the Mansion House, Guildhall, Bow-street, Clerkenwell, Lambeth, Marlborough-street, Marylebone, Southwark, Thames, Westminster, Worship-street, Wandsworth, Greenwich, and Stratford. He also bequeaths £200 per annum to his son, Robert James Forster; and legacies to sisters, brother, and others. The residue of his estate he leaves equally between his sisters, Sarah Elizabeth Neve and Mary Ann Forster.

An important addition to the Royal Navy has been made by the completion for foreign service of her Majesty's first-class battle-ship Victoria, which has cost about £850,000, and is the largest and most powerful battle-ship at present ready for active service.

Their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and the Countess of Zetland honoured the amateur theatricals in the Queen's Theatre, Dublin, with their presence on March 14. Their reception was a very cordial and gratifying one, the entire audience standing up, and the band playing "God Save the Queen." The Lord Lieutenant was present next day at a dinner in Dublin, given in his honour by Mr. Austin Meldon, President of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland.

At Oxford, the Arnold Prize for 1890 has been awarded to William Carr, B.A., University College. The essay of Herbert A. Fisher, B.A., Fellow of New College, is also mentioned as one of great merit. The subject for 1891 is "The Emperor Hadrian and His Times."—The annual election to Fellowships at King's College, Cambridge, was held on March 15, when the two vacancies were filled up by the election of Mr. James Wycliffe Headlam, B.A., and Mr. Walter George Headlam, B.A., scholars of the college.

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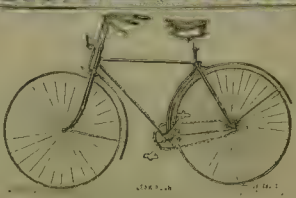
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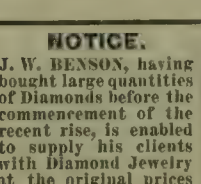
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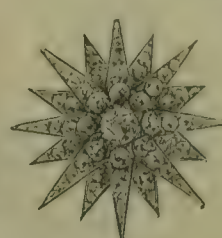
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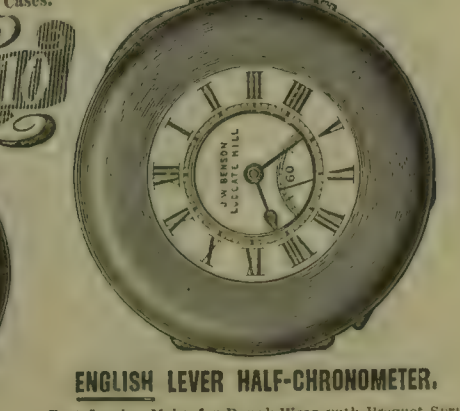
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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Favoured by true "Queen's weather," the second Drawingroom of the year was favoured also by the personal attendance of the Queen. So fine were the skies, so balmy was the air, that the fur with which some of the gowns were trimmed looked almost out of season. A ruby-velvet robe, made in the new style, high, with Medici collar at the back, and open square in front filled in with lisse, had a narrow bordering of sable round the collar, continued along either side of the stomacher, and then straight down the petticoat, where it passed into a broad foot-bordering of the same fur going round to meet one which flounced the train. This dress was saved from ugly heaviness by having the centre of the petticoat and the stomacher covered with slightly draped white crêpe de Chine most beautifully embroidered in silks in many delicate colours, but ruby red dominant. A fur used with excellent effect on a black-velvet train falling from the shoulders was silver fox, the petticoat being of steel-grey satin embroidered with steel beads lightened by mother-o-pearl plaques dangling loosely all over. A charming débutante's dress was sparingly trimmed with swansdown and snowdrops and white ribbon.

A resplendent gown worn by a young Countess was of striped heliotrope silk trimmed with scarlet-velvet ribbon, large red magnolia blossoms, and leaves shaded in all conceivable reddish-brown tones. The petticoat was a plain heliotrope faille Française draped with Brussels point, held in place by knots of scarlet ribbon and trails of shaded leaves. The posy was of Czar violets and crimson and yellow tulips. Truly a daring costume! Another had a narrow "sheath" petticoat of pink satin, bordered with roses as high as the knee; an Empire bodice of the same satin, with a loosely folded sash of grey faille, and a train of the grey trimmed with pink crêpe scarves and clusters of pink roses.

Trains of rich brocades were much worn. All the exquisite effects produced for the Paris Exhibition are now available for the dressmakers. A réséda-green ground brocade with autumnal leaves, worn over a petticoat of plain réséda corded silk and an underdress (i.e. a pleated piece let in just at the front) of shaded red velvet, was handsome. Another was a rose-coloured satin brocade with gold, the petticoat draped with pink crêpe de Chine embroidered with gold. Another had a ground of grey satin brocade with silver wheat-ears; and another train was of a pinkish heliotrope ground with pine-cones in silver. Nothing is too showy, nothing too delicate, for a Court gown.

What to do afterwards with the material is a real difficulty. The petticoat, which is, in fact, a complete skirt made with a full back and a demi-train to support the Court train, is usually, of course, worn with the bodice for a dinner or party gown. But the train, if of a rich fabric, is too "pronounced" to be used often in private life, and it never wears out with any treatment that it can reasonably be given. A friend of mine has just used up a beautiful dark-red and silver brocade Court train for covering a couch for her boudoir, and for this it serves excellently. That is, however, only suitable for a dark fabric. A lighter one might be used to make one of those charming drawing-room tall screens in white wood that serve to construct a "cosy corner." Mr. Joyce, at Russell and Allen's, has thought of another use. He has a superb hand-embroidered red-velvet train, encrusted with gold, from the

Paris Exhibition, worth some hundreds of pounds, and far too heavy to be worn under any more tiring circumstances than at a Drawingroom; but, after serving for that purpose, he points out that it will make a grand-piano cover fit for a millionaire's residence.

Ladies who go to Court frequently, however, often follow the Princess of Wales's good example, and use the same train on more than one occasion, altered by different trimmings, and worn over new petticoats. Her Royal Highness, though one of the best dressed of ladies, never puts away her gowns, either day or evening, without due service, and the train worn at this Drawingroom was worn previously, two years ago. It was a brown-velvet train with a centre of exquisite gold-embroidered gauze.

Black was not worn so much as might have been expected, seeing that it was a Friday in Lent. The ladies in immediate attendance on the Queen always wear black, because their Royal mistress never leaves off her widow's mourning. But among the general company black was little patronised, albeit there is no colour which shows up diamonds better. In the Park promenade of Sunday, too, black is not generally being donned. So we may conclude that the wearing of the sombre hue in Lent, as a mere fashion, is being given up. Certainly it is not generally becoming, and that counts for something.

In the current number of the *Woman's World* the editor very kindly says some words about women journalists which all practical writers for the Press will recognise to be true. A young man, with that curious patronage which one sometimes sees given by men to women who are far more successful than themselves in their mutual profession, has been stating that the only proper course, in his opinion, for women journalists is to stay at home and write odd articles, and submit them, by the medium of the post, to newspaper editors. This advice is justly negated by the editor of the *Woman's World*, who observes that the amount of work which is taken from "outsiders" by any newspaper is a very small fraction indeed, and that nobody could be sure of living by such haphazard and chance engagements. Each class of subjects, on a well-regulated newspaper, has its own writer permanently engaged; and when the editor wants an article on a given topic, he knows exactly the person to whom to commit the writing of it. There is as much difference between a writer regularly on the staff of a newspaper and a chance contributor as between the cook and the charwoman in a household. The one is comfortably off and has plenty of work; the other is always in need, and frequently stands unwillingly idle.

I am sure that there are a great many women who believe the tale that newspaper work can be done by fits and starts, and in the writer's own sanctum, without her needing to do any more than post her manuscript and wait for her cheque. I am constantly meeting, and being asked to help and advise, women labouring under this delusion. Little do they know of the perfect and complete organisation of labour in a large newspaper office, and how, if ever there be a vacancy on the staff, there are always standing ready to push into the place watchers as anxious and eager as those who stood at the pool of Bethesda. Emphatically, journalism is a profession in which the amateur, either of the one or of the other sex, is quite out of place. There is work for women in journalism, but it must be taken up in as business-like a manner, and must

be pursued as steadily, and must be expected to involve as much contact with the outer world and as many difficulties and annoyances, as any other remunerative occupation. Two experienced lady journalists, the Misses Emily and Georgiana Hill, have just started a school of printing and practical journalism for women at 154, Westminster Bridge-road; and ladies who are thinking of entering journalism in an amateur fashion should first call there and see what the Misses Hill find it needful to teach. FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

Sir David Salomons has given £1000 to the Institution of Electrical Engineers, to found a scholarship of £35 per annum, to be held for three years, and be at the disposal of the Institution.

Lady Howard de Walden has expressed her intention of endowing, at a cost of £10,000 or £12,000, a ward at the West Kent Hospital, at Maidstone, as a thank-offering for her recent recovery from a serious illness. Lady Howard de Walden has also intimated her desire to endow a curacy for St. Philip's Church, Maidstone.

Lecturing at Toynbee Hall on "The Cultivation and Preservation of the Voice," Sir Morell Mackenzie said it was to be deplored that in England so few pains were taken to teach children how to speak. Singers should avoid tobacco, alcohol, and fiery condiments; the former took away the delicacy of tone, and by its use the powers of co-ordination were lost.

During February 131,375 cwt. of beef were received from abroad, the quantity consigned from the United States being 121,244 cwt. The quantity of mutton received was 111,933 cwt., New Zealand contributing 37,532 cwt., the Argentine Republic 20,223 cwt., Germany 29,240 cwt., and New South Wales and Queensland 7002 and 5657 cwt. respectively. The imports of pork were 6840 cwt., Holland supplying 3721 cwt.

The Norfolk Agricultural Society held its annual horse-show at Norwich on March 15. The first prize for the best agricultural horse was awarded to Mr. Albemarle Cator. Mr. W. Welcher took another prize in a younger class of similar horses, and Mr. H. Livesey won the first award for hackney or riding horses.—The Peterborough Agricultural Society's horse-show was held on the same day, and was the largest yet held. The champion prize went to Mr. Longton's two-year-old. Mr. T. Constable, Sleaford, was first for thoroughbred horses; and Mr. J. Morton, Downham, first in the hackney class.

Several important football-matches were played on March 15. Under the Association code England beat Ireland, at Belfast, by nine goals to one; at Wrexham England beat Wales by three goals to one. The most notable among the League matches were the meetings between Preston North End and Accrington and Everton and Derby County, the former game ending in a draw, and the latter in a win for Everton. The last-named eleven now tie with Preston North End for the first place in this competition. Each team has another engagement to meet, on the result of which the championship will rest. At Kennington Oval, in the semi-final round of the Charity Competition, the Old Westminsters beat Clapton by one goal to nil. The Rugby match between England and Ireland, played at Blackheath, resulted in a decisive victory for the home team by three tries to nil.

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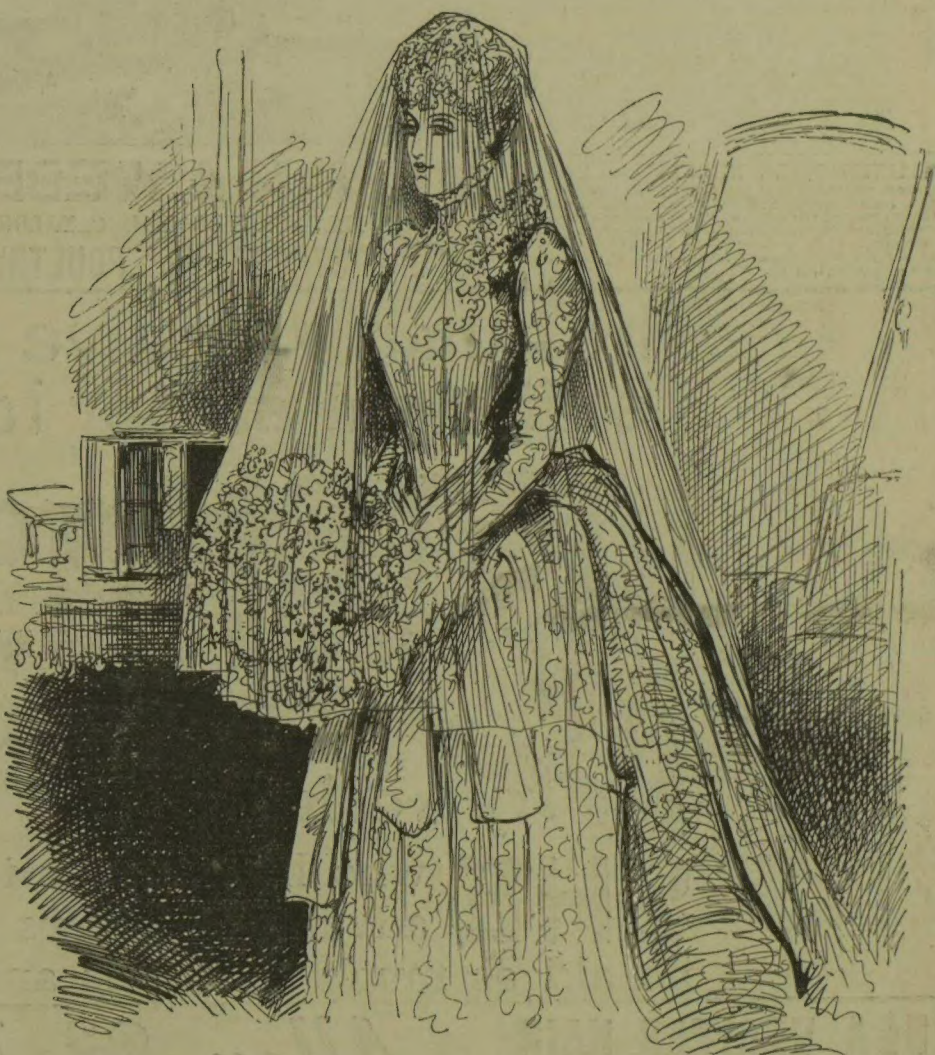
A little child lay on her bed of pain,
With deep blue eyes, and wealth of golden hair,
Longing that Summer hours would come again,
With all their sunshine and their pleasures fair.

With ministry of quiet, tender love,
The mother watched beside her as she lay,
A message came—O joy, all joys above!
It turned her sadness into brightest day.

It told of certain cure—what words of cheer
For weary sickness and all mortal ills!
Returning health soon blessed the child so dear,
Who gladly took a box of "BEECHAM'S PILLS."

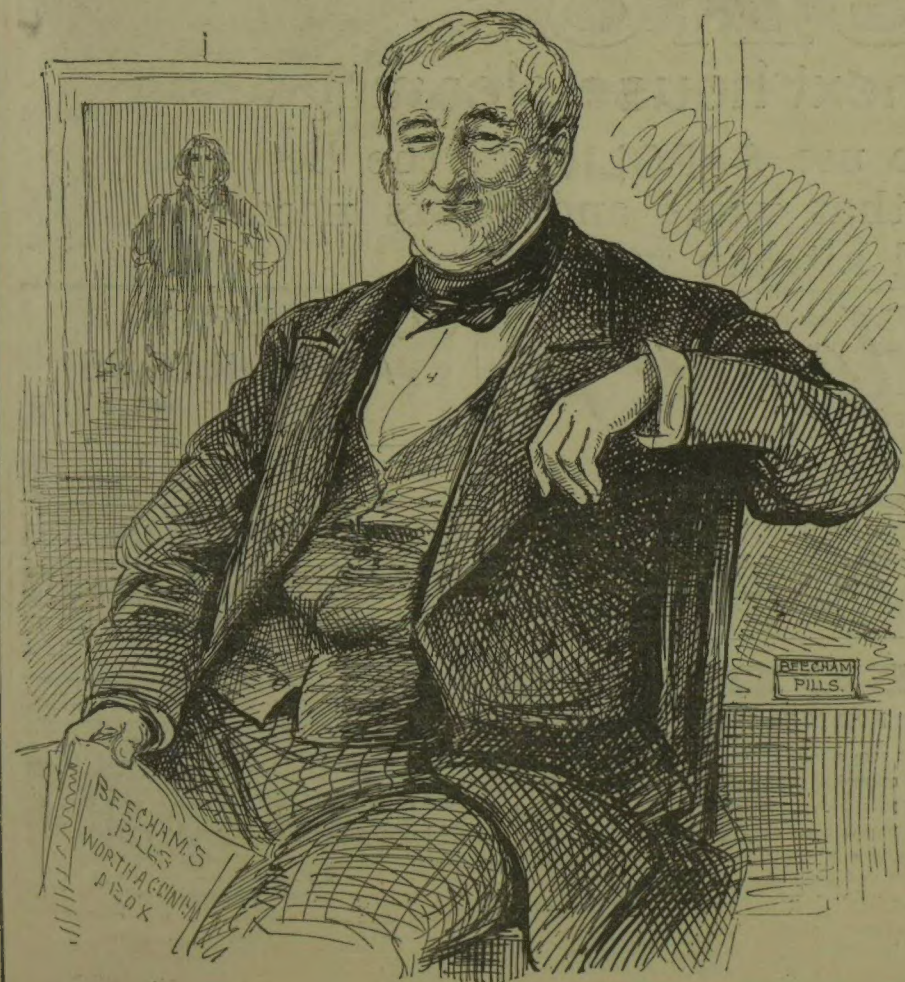
A maiden in life's Springtime, faint and weak,
And smitten down by fell Consumption's hand,
The hectic flush upon her fair young cheek,
That piteous scourge of this our northern land.

She read the tidings scattered far and wide,
And brightest hopes began her heart to fill,
Came back to health to be a beauteous bride,
Now rescued by the world-famed "BEECHAM'S
PILL."



An old man in the Winter of his days,
With laboured breath, and many a bitter pain,
Tried the same cure—a cure beyond all praise,
And seemed to live his younger life again.

For all the pains that mortals can beset
'Mid life's sad changes, and all its numerous ills,
One remedy unfailing we have yet,
Thank kindly Heaven for BEECHAM'S
marvellous PILLS.



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THE ANNUAL SPRING EXHIBITION of Selected High-Class Pictures by British and Foreign Artists, including M. De Munkacsy's new Picture "A Stolen Interview," is NOW OPEN at ARTHUR TOOTH and SONS' GALLERIES, 5 and 6, Haymarket (opposite Her Majesty's Theatre). Admission, 1s., including Catalogue.

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MEMORIAL TO BISHOP LIGHTFOOT.

At a Public Meeting held in the Chapter House of Durham Cathedral on Feb. 18, 1890, a resolution was unanimously passed: "That if the requisite funds can be obtained, the restoration of the Chapter House of the Cathedral of Durham would form the greatest and most appropriate Memorial to Bishop Lightfoot, and that a figure or effigy of the Bishop should, under any circumstances, form part of the Memorial." The estimated cost of such Memorial is £7000. Subscriptions may be paid to Messrs. J. Backhouse and Co., Bankers, to the credit of the Fund account, at their Durham Branch; or they can be forwarded to Mr. RICHARDSON PEELE, the acting Hon. Treasurer, The College, Durham.

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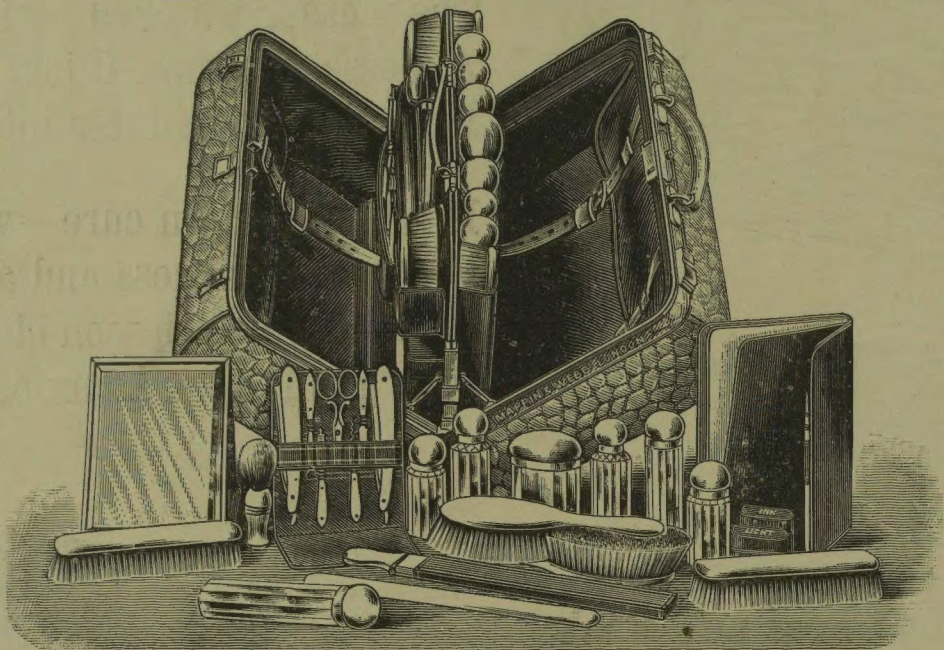


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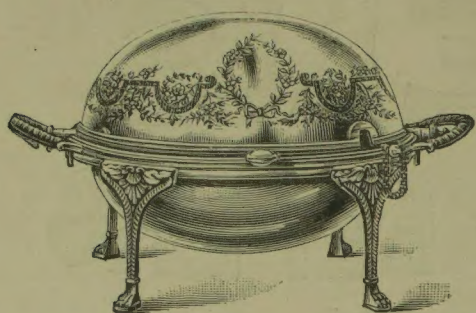
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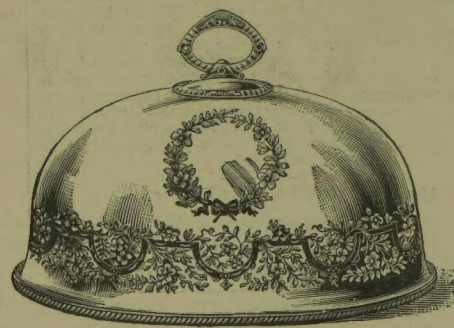
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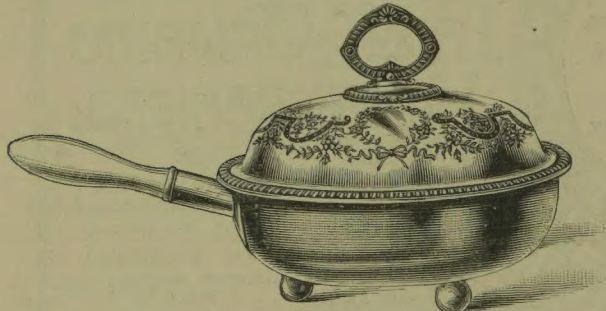
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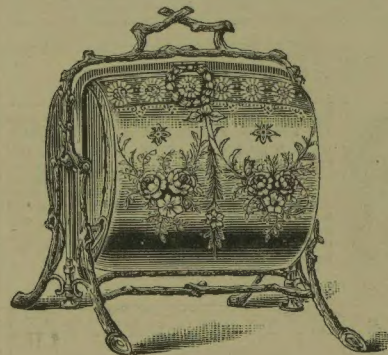
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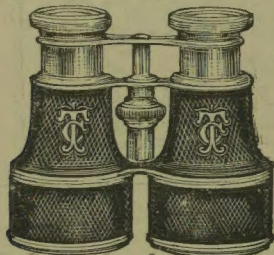
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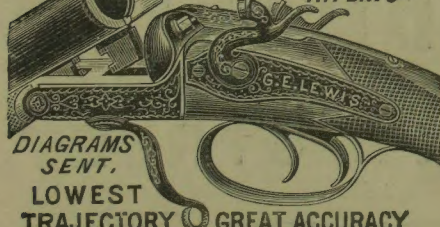
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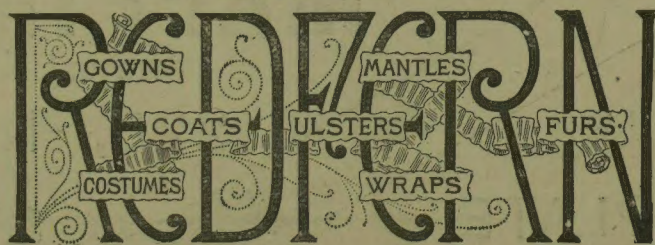
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